

# THE SCOURGE.

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APRIL 2, 1815.

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**WONDERS! WONDERS!! WONDERS!!!**

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THE WONDERS OF THE LITTLE WORLD: *or, The  
Regeneration of the Great Nation!*

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MR. EDITOR,

AM I in a dream? Are these things which trouble me the unsubstantial visions of a trance? Are they the creations of a distempered brain, the craziness of disorganized fancy, the floating shadows of bewildered reason? Is the return of Buonaparte to Paris a political hoax, to answer the ministerial purposes of ways and means? or another Stock Exchange conspiracy against the funds? Have mercy upon me! my pulse is up to a hundred and twenty, while omnium is at ten per cent. discount. A deadly fever rages in my veins, while a cold and cheerless prospect is presented to my eyes. My brain is consuming by delirium, while contractors are deliberately calculating the advantage of a new war, and retired officers are exulting in the prospect of full pay. In vain, like the frog in the fable, do I point out to them that their sport is my death. I tell them I have parted with my coat, my waistcoat, and my breeches, but that I cannot spare my shirt; and yet they persist in taking it from my back; they tell me that Buonaparte has escaped from Elba, that that sanguinary tyrant has travelled in seven-leagued boots to Paris, and driven the royalists like a flock of cackling geese, from the capital, ere their wings were fledged. They tell me that I must go

to war again in support of the Bourbon cause, and that I must cut the throats of fifty or hundred thousand Frenchmen, because they are traitors to themselves. Now it appears very singular to me, that I should be compelled to busy myself in affairs that do not concern me. I cannot understand in what the honour of the French nation concerns my own ; or what I have to do with their choice of a sovereign ; whether they think proper to submit to the authority of a Bourbon, or the reign of a Buonaparte. Of this I am well assured, that they will both be inclined to have peace with me, if I am *inclined* to listen to it ; but I am told, that I must go to war to preserve my reputation for magnanimity, at the expence of sound policy ; that I must keep all the crowned heads in Europe (mark—all those that are *legitimate*) in my pay ; dependents upon my purse ; devouring locusts upon my estate ; and all this for what ? an empty bubble ! a foolish good-natured name ! which is to arrive at its climax in my ruin.

A few days ago I found myself tied to a pillar they call the Constitution. My brain was dreadfully confused ; I think I must have been dreaming. I found myself surrounded by armed men, who were forcing down my throat a bill, known as the Corn Bill ; a sort of paradox, which, by regulating the price of bread at a high standard, is rationally considered as an excellent method of keeping it at a low price ! I remonstrated, but in vain. I petitioned, but to no effect ; and I was told that my efforts were like those of a peevish child, who would not take his physic, so they coaxed me—not with a lump of sugar, but—a bayonet. Well, Sir, about the same time one of my worthy champions of civil liberty, who had exceeded the defined rules and law of speculation, made his escape from the Bilboes, to the surprize of the knowing ones, and the confusion of his gaoler. Knowing the value of a porter butt, in the eyes of his constituents, he adopted it as the popular vehicle of his flight, and sallied forth from captivity amid the exhilarat-

ing perfumes of this favourite beverage. "His name shall smell sweet for ever!" but lo, instead of taking his passage for Elba, he sought the Society of Incurables at St. Stephen's, and was actually conducted back, not to the new bedlam, but to the honorable fraternity of Ellenborough college, where he was received with all due honors by his particular friend the Marshal! who instantly accommodated him with a convenient room, without a fire, lest he might do himself an injury, by sitting cross-legged in meditation too near the grate; without a window, lest the day-light should be too powerful for his eyes; and strongly barricadoed and guarded, lest he should be interrupted by visitors! On hearing of this event I confess to you I was as much puzzled as on the business of the paradoxical corn bill. I thought it a singular birth for a senator, and I thought the conduct of this champion altogether as extraordinary. But the vision of Buonaparte, for the most part, engrossed my senses, and paralyzed my faculties. This *ci-devant* exile, resuming the imperial dignities of France, overthrowing the Bourbon dynasty in a day, and threatening to shake the European globe again, with all the vigour of a refreshed gladiator, is too much for my poor head to bear; it whirls again with the events which the high winds of the present month have blown. I shake with terror under their immediate influence, and under the apprehension of their probable results. I am too much exhausted to renew the war. I am worn down into the last stage of a consumption—but the soldier and contractor are unfortunately my advisers and physicians, and they persist in it, that by consenting to lose more blood and parting with my shirt, are the only safe expedients I can resort to, and will prove effectual restoratives. In this dilemma, Sir, I crave the assistance of your opinion and interest in my behalf. And with all possible respect, beg leave to subscribe myself your very obedient,  
but truly miserable friend,

JOHN BULL.



## BUONAPARTE'S RETURN TO PARIS.

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THERE are some topics and events which equally baffle the speculation of the meanest and most exalted powers; and by the evident astonishment and perplexity with which they are regarded by loftier minds, render such humble mortals as ourselves, content with the share of reason Providence has bestowed. The vicissitudes of political events, during the last twenty-five years, are well calculated by their recollection to humble the confidence of pretending sagacity, and the intellectual pride of those to whom the public voice has attributed the highest mental acquisitions. We have been born in a time of wonders, in which all the usual principles of human calculation; all that learning has taught, or philosophy enquired, has only contributed to exemplify the errors of human fallibility; scarcely a prediction has been made, a result fortold, or a consequence deduced, that has not involved many thousands of ingenious reasoners, in all the contrarieties of absurdity. Mr. Burke appears to have been the only individual whose conjectures were justified by their fulfilment; the prophecies of Pitt only succeeded each other in their prolific parturition, to be dispelled at the first approach of truth; and Mr. Fox was equally unfortunate. The former was always mistaken as to particulars, the latter is found to have been erroneous in his general reasonings. If the mightiest masters, therefore, of modern philosophy, policy, and eloquence, were baffled in their endeavours to calculate the progress and consequence of the recent unparalleled events, what must be the wonder, the perplexity, and the terror which overwhelm the helpless witlings who have succeeded them, at the occurrence of an event more wonderful than Quintus Curtius, or Livy; has recorded more dreadful in its first aspect than all the other visitations by which the world has been afflicted since the deluge, more rapid than the volu-



bility of Castlereagh, and more unexpected than modesty from Croker, or brilliance from Vansittart.—It would be useless, therefore, and presumptuous, knowing as we do, that our gracious Regent, his Prime Minister, and his Chancellor, are utterly confounded and amazed at the intelligence of this most unexpected event, received only a few hours after Lord Castlereagh's prophecies of "a long career of peace and prosperity," to assume an intelligence and facility of peeping into futurity which is not possessed by our first magistrates and our statesmen. To conjecture the final result of the late occurrence, depends so much on a great variety of other contingences as to elude calculation, and equally leaves the senator and the author to all the latitude of conjecture. Whether Austria has, or has not participated in the late revolution, whether she will, or will not secede from the coalition, whether Buonaparte be, or be not able to advance into the heart of Germany, before the allied troops are assembled to impede his progress, are questions which must all be answered before we arrive even at the threshold to probability.

Yet should the fate of Europe be ultimately decided in such a manner as to render a repetition of bloodshed and disorder no longer possible, we should not much regret the alarm into which the allies have been thrown, or the advance of Buonaparte to Paris. We think that this last and most striking lesson, must, have considerable influence in recalling the allied sovereigns to a sense of their true interests, in teaching them that justice and honor are the only final and unalterable security of monarchs and nations; and in dispelling that arbitrary self-confidence which led them, in the pride of their strength, to inflict humiliation, slavery, and disgrace on millions of their fellow-men. Should the present alliance proceed unbroken, and be attended by ultimate success: still that success will not be attained without a protracted contest, and an arduous and sanguinary struggle. The allied sovereigns will retire from their hard-earned victory to a se-

cond Congress with pretensions less lofty, hearts less selfish, policy more noble, and a regard to the rights and feelings of their subjects, impressed by afflicting experience. The lesson will be more forcibly inculcated, and they will be able to see developed, in actual practice, the passions which their misconduct has excited in the dis-united Saxons, the enslaved Polanders, and the oppressed Italians. They will gratify the wishes of the people, and sacrifice temporary aggrandizement to permanent tranquillity.

To our own country the approaching contest, with all its evils, will not arrive without its attendant benefits. We must either remain at peace, or retrenchment will be necessary. The placemen, the pensioners, and the ministers themselves, must prepare to reduce the amount of their revenues, and the court to circumscribe its expenditure within the bounds of decorous œconomy. The projected improvements at the west end of the town have already been countermanded by the Prince Regent, since the receipt of the late intelligence; further reforms in every department of the state will be required to alleviate the discontents of the people, and defray the expenditure, necessary in another contest; and notwithstanding the accumulation of national debt, and the addition to our burthens while the contest lasts, we do not regard the temporary pressure of expence, if it be productive (as Heaven grant it may) of general and permanent retrenchment.

*A Query—to the Grand Congress at Vienna.*

YE *Sov'reign sages*, on the spot,  
Pray can you tell the reason why,  
When Boney in a cage you got,  
You left him wings wherewith to fly?

The *Eagle* now once more got loose,  
Your flocks will at his leisure fleece;  
While all the world will ask, what use  
To try to save a set of—*Geese*?

## DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.

THE undisguised regret and discontent, manifested by the French nation at large, in consequence of the separation of Belgium from the crown of France, and the annexation of these fertile provinces to the kingdom of Holland, afford sufficient proof of the importance attached to their possession, by the court of the Thuilleries. Brussels, the capital, was emancipated from the French yoke, on the 1st of February of the former year. Posterity will, with difficulty, be brought to believe that a single Cossack, reputed one of the boldest of his tribe, rode into this great and populous city, at mid-day ; galloped directly to the square, where upwards of seven hundred troops were assembled under arms, attacked and threw from their horse several of the Polish lancers, and finally drove them out of the town. Not content with this daring and almost incredible exploit, the Cossack pursued the fugitives through the gates, when some of them faced about, and with their rifles lodged a ball in his forehead. Still the Cossack kept his seat on horseback ; he was joined by two more of his nation, and brought into town to be received in the military hospital. It was not till on their arrival at the latter place, when his comrades alighted to assist in carrying him into the hospital, that they discovered that their countryman was dead.

As Brussels has latterly been so much resorted to by the English, the troops of which nation are still in garrison there, some description of this great and once-flourishing city, cannot fail, it is presumed, to prove acceptable to our readers. It boasts a great number of magnificent buildings, both public and private ; had formerly, under the Austrian government, a court ; a museum of natural curiosities, which still exists ; as likewise a very excellent public library ; a rich collection of paintings ; and a park, which still constitutes one of



2:0 *Sympathy of the French for a certain personage.*

its principal attractions. The town-hall (*Hotel de Ville*) is a very extensive edifice, built in the Gothic style. It was commenced in 1401, and completed in 1442. The tower, or spire, which is not a little remarkable from the singular circumstance of its not being built, as the laws of correct architectural taste require, directly in the centre, is three hundred and sixty-four feet in height. It is surmounted by the statue of St. Michael, of gilt brass, seventeen feet in height, which turns on a pivot, and serves the purpose of a weather-cock. Another defect in point of architecture, is exhibited in the construction of the two turrets, which crown the extremities of this building, and which are not of the same size nor proportions. The French, who in their invasion of Brabant and the Netherlands pulled down most of the statues, erected in honor of the former princes of these countries, and among the rest the equestrian statue of Charles, duke of Lorraine, which adorned the hall of the company of brewers, refrained from laying hands on the image of St. Michael, the conqueror of the dragon. This gave occasion to a wag to observe, that they had spared the saint, in compliment to the devil, of whom the dragon is typical, wishing to shew to the world, that they did not wage war with their *fellow beings*.

“ Il faut savoir qu'en ces tems deplorables

Les Francais étaient un peu diables :

Qu'ils avaient ménagé le dragon tortueux,

Pour témoigner qu'ils aimaient *leurs semblables* !”

But of all the statues and monuments of art, which formerly did, and still continue to embellish the city of Brussels, none perhaps was more dear, and more enthusiastically cherished by the inhabitants, than the little bronze image, which gives name to the fountain, known by the ludicrous title of *Manneke-pisse*. This image, which represents a little naked child, is the production of

the celebrated sculptor, DE QUESNOY, whose reputation was so great throughout all Europe, that he was employed by the Pope to execute the statue of St. Andrew, in marble, which adorns the church of St. Peter, at Rome. De Quesnoy acquitted himself so well of this commission, that the Italians themselves confessed that not even Michael Angelo had ever produced a more masterly performance.

This self-same little bronze statue of the *Manneke-pisse*, has been honoured with the notice, and even with the munificence of sovereign princes, and crowned heads, who have invested him with the most illustrious orders of knighthood, and equipped him in the most splendid and costly habits. In 1698, the Elector of Bavaria, having gained the annual prize contended for on the first of May, by knocking down with his arquebuse, the bird placed at the top of the tower, was proclaimed king of the knights of the association of St. Christopher, the patron of the arquebuseers. In this quality the elector was led through the city in triumph, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, to the hall of the association, where he supped with the knights. His consort, the electress, was likewise present at this banquet, dressed in the fashion of the country. The elector caused all the knights of St. Christopher to be clothed, at his expence, in blue uniform, which was the distinctive colour of the electorate. The statue of the patron of the order, St. Christopher, was likewise invested with the blue insignia, and the same honours formally conferred on the *Manneke-pisse*. In 1747 Louis XV. of France, created this little favorite a knight of St. Louis, and sent him a complete court dress, together with the blue ribband. On the invasion of the Netherlands, by the French, this statue was clandestinely removed, and secreted by one of the inhabitants. But since the emancipation of the city of Brussels, the *Manneke-pisse* has been

restored to his original station, and is again regarded by the inhabitants as one of their dearest treasures.

Among the numerous public places, squares, &c. with which this populous city abounds, the most remarkable, as well on account of its own magnificence as its immediate contiguity to the park, is the *Place Royale*. The *Hotel Bell-vue*, the back apartments of which look into the park, is the most fashionable abode for travellers and foreigners of distinction. It was at this hotel that the Duchess of Oldenburgh put up, during her short stay at Brussels. The princes of Prussia likewise occupied apartments in this hotel, as did for some time the hereditary Prince of Holland, and the famous Cossack chieftain Platow. The *Hotel de Flanders*, but a door or two from the *Hotel Bell-vue*, has likewise very excellent accommodations, and is frequented by persons of opulence and distinction. There is another hotel in the same square, *Place Royale*, called *Caffè de l'Empereur*, which is much frequented as a coffee-house, and likewise on account of its billiard-rooms. The rest of the houses in the *Place Royale*, are private residences, among which is entitled to notice the hotel of the Marquis Paul Arconati, an Italian nobleman, who has for a long series of years selected the Netherlands as his country of adoption. This nobleman, who speaks with fluency most of the European languages, is peculiarly attached to the English. He has travelled in almost every country of Europe, and possesses a large collection of curiosities, and remarkable productions, both of nature and art, which he takes a great pride in shewing to foreigners. He is extremely affable, courteous, and polite, and perhaps one of the most philanthropic characters that ever over-flowed "*with the milk of human kindness.*"

The park of Brussels, as already observed, is the favourite promenade with all ranks and classes of the inhabitants. On Sunday, in the summer months, the *Allee-Verte* attracts, as to one common focus, all the fashionable world.



An innumerable concourse is here assembled in the afternoon; the number of carriages, which drive up and down, as likewise of horsemen, who raise the dust in clouds, and send it before them in a whirlwind, is truly prodigious. Last summer, owing to the extensive military combinations, and the vast passage of troops through the city, the *Allee-Verte* exhibited a scene of gaiety, of military pomp and splendour, from the rich and diversified dress of the different corps, which imagination can scarcely picture.

Brussels, as indeed all the Netherlands, must have suffered greatly from the exactions necessarily laid on the inhabitants, for the lodging and sustenance of the troops of the allied armies. It is really matter of astonishment, when duly weighed, how these countries have been able to suffice to the heavy military requisitions which they were compelled to furnish. The English troops were the only soldiers whom they were not obliged to support, at their own expence. Austrians, Prussians, Russians—in a word, the whole of the allied armies, with the exception, as already stated of the English, had free board and lodging. The expence attendant on this system is incalculable, and must have been severely felt by the inhabitants.

The sojourn of the English troops, on the other hand, was attended with essential benefit. All that the inhabitants were required to furnish them was lodging. The British government supplied the soldier with his rations. In many houses, from six to ten, and even more English troops were billeted; each soldier received his pound of meat per day, with a certain quantity of bread, fuel, and a chopine of spirits. Their meat they gave to the mistress of the house to cook for them, and from the number of troops billeted in a house, it generally happened their rations sufficed not merely for their own consumption, but in a great measure for that likewise of the family, with which they were quartered.

Their conduct was likewise highly exemplary, and conciliated in their favor the universal good will of the citizens. Of this plain and incontrovertible proof was given, when the order came to remove the Highland corps, belonging to the 78th regiment, to Ghent. The inhabitants were so much prepossessed in favour of the English *sans-culottes*, as they called them (the Highlanders, in some Scotch regiments, it is well known, still retain their original Highland dress,) that they petitioned Lord Lynedoch, and other general officers, to obtain, if possible, counter-orders, and to leave them their good-natured "*Highland laddies*," whom they styled their brethren, their friends, their dear allies. For the truth of this fact, the writer of this article can vouch, having himself seen the letter addressed to Lord Lynedoch, previous to its being sent to that gallant officer. It was a very common thing, at Brussels, when the English troops were marched to exercise, to see them attended by a host of children, carrying their musket, or some part of their accoutrements. In this manner they walked, most lovingly and familiarly, hand in hand, through the streets. How false then are the statements given in some of our public prints, of the antipathy and rooted aversion, which the inhabitants are alledged to have manifested towards our British soldiers!

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### THE HOTTENTOT ADONIS.

*To the Editor of the Scourge.*

SIR,

MOST persons have heard spoken of, and thousands have beheld—the *Hottentot Venus*—whose charms were so generally *admired*. There is *now* in London, living in an expensive style, near one of the fashionable squares—sporting a handsome equipage, and associating with the rich and great, an HOTTENTOT ADONIS!—This

Adonis came from the same country as that Venus, namely, the land of the Hottentots: and I believe, sincerely as I hope, that in this overgrown and vast metropolis, there are but few, if any other characters, of equal vileness and atrocity.

I am aware how cautiously the public press should touch on the conduct of private individuals. It is only where some marked and peculiar enormity of conduct is conspicuous, which the law cannot reach, though it strikes at the root of morality, that the press ought to interfere. The being to whom I am alluding stands in that predicament. The AMOURS of this HOTTENTOT ADONIS abound with scenes of infamy calculated to excite universal horror and disgust, and are so gross as to be unfit for recital, though the victims were females of character, fortune, and fashion.

The HOTTENTOT ADONIS, for many years, made a conspicuous figure at the C—— of ——. He was once master of an ample fortune, the possession of which excited the envy, no less than the means of its accumulation gave rise to the *amazement* and curiosity of his neighbours. Though naturally of a mean and sordid turn of mind, his excessive and overweening arrogance, no less than speculative avarice, led him to adopt a magnificent style of living. He is said to have been sufficiently vain to drive about town in a sort of state-coach, drawn by *eight horses*, and attended by a little army of livery slaves; but he contrived, as many a merchant does, to derive a profit from his luxurious table, greater perhaps than that to which any respectable tavern-keeper aspires. He availed himself to the utmost, and in every possible way, of the politeness of the great whom he might have entertained at his board, during their stay at the ———, on their passage to or from India.

The failure of a commercial speculation which had tempted his avarice by the shadow of enormous gain, gave a fatal blow to his credit and his fortune, and involved him



in the most serious pecuniary difficulties. He could no longer sustain the lordly style of living which he had assumed; his envious neighbours indulged in cutting sarcasms, and various were the schemes he formed for the retrieval of his fortune. At last the HOTTENTOT ADONIS embarked for London, animated with the desperate resolution, though well advanced in years, and impeded by a graceless figure, an ill-favoured visage, and a vulgar and awkward gait, to try his luck in England as a *fortune hunter*!

Measuring his wealth by his splendid style of living at the —, he had acquired the reputation of being as rich as Cræsus. His losses were not very generally known: and the great number of persons of rank and fortune who had been his guests, facilitated his admission to the higher circles of rank and fashion in England.

The first place where the HOTTENTOT ADONIS shewed off was — Wells. Knowing the effect of opinion, he took care, by means of subordinate agents, to fill the place with rumours that he was a nabob of boundless wealth, come to England in search of a wife.\* Those who are acquainted with the arts resorted to by the needy parents of expensively educated girls, know the base manœuvres and expedients usually adopted to, with a view to get them off their hands. The fathers shewed our Adonis the most profound respect, and plied him with servile adulation; the mothers declared if they were young and single, they never saw a gentleman so likely to have gained their affections; and the well trained daughters skilfully played off the whole artillery of their charms to subdue the heart of this modern Plutus. He affected not to perceive the drift of these mercenaries; he was favoured with opportunities as though by accident of conversing with their daughters, and if report speaks

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\* This was enough to set that watering-place in an uproar.

speaks truth, more than one of these have reason to curse the folly of their parents and their own mercenary disposition.

But these dalliances never interfered with his grand purpose of securing an ample fortune, that might retrieve his ruined affairs, and enable him to enjoy the luxuries of life during the remainder of his days. The agents supplied him with schedules of the fortunes of maids and widows, the heaviest of which was that of the widow of an *oilman*, whose husband was kind enough to die, and leave his wife a fortune of upwards of sixty thousand pounds!! Mrs.— was then about fifty-eight years of age, of a tolerable person, and agreeable manners. It was her intention to indulge herself with a *young husband*, but the HORTENTOT ADONIS pressed her so warmly, that she began to think a hale man, even of fifty, possessed of two or three hundred thousand pounds, was preferable to a younger man who might marry her for her fortune alone, wherewith to purchase youthful beauties. Eager for the match, fearful of the contingencies attendant on delay, the HORTENTOT ADONIS ogled, sighed, and *wept*—danced, spouted—wrote execrable verses—and worried the old lady night and day to favour him with her hand. It was so arranged, in a *private theatrical* party, that this beau played the part of Lionel, and the belle that of Clarissa! Never were a pair more fit objects of ridicule, and they were not spared; but they had neither eyes nor ears to spare for others—and from that hour the heart of the widow was fixed; the writings were drawn out—but, alas! when the *inquisitive* solicitors got to work—the poverty of her Adonis was discovered—Clarissa become suddenly coy—Lionel angry and reproachful—Clarissa found she was entangled—Lionel threatened\*—She offered *three thousand pounds* for a release—Lionel demanded *six thousand*—at last the bargain was struck at *four thousand*

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\* To sue for damages for a breach of marriage.

pounds, which was actually paid, and formed the gross profit of the first amour of the HOTTENTOT ADONIS.

His successive amours, and the shocking circumstances by which they were accompanied, must be reserved for my next communication.

VERAX.

## LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

SIR,

THE following historical trait, connected with a transaction in Lord Nelson's time, may not be deemed unworthy of a place in your work. Yours, &c.

J. M.

The family of Caraciolo, lords of Avelino in Italy, are most illustrious; their grandeur was laid by the unparalleled fidelity of John Caraciolo, an eminent military commander, who, after enduring peculiar hardships in the castle of Ischia, (of which he had been appointed governor by the Emperor Frederic,) being besieged by rebels, and seeing no means to avert its subjugation, gallantly, and with a martial virtue superior to the age he lived in, chose to perish in the flames that consumed the fortress, in preference to surrendering up the trust committed to his valour, experience, and loyalty.

His royal master was truly sensible of such a proof of attachment, and by every means endeavoured to evince his veneration for the memory of so faithful a subject. He conferred honours and riches upon the sons with a munificent hand, and raised them both to the highest offices in the state.

Ever since the family of Caraciolo have been held in high estimation by their sovereign, and the branches disseminated from the main stock are at this day numbered amongst the rich and powerful in Italy.



This family are proprietors of a very singular bank, called *Il Monte Ciarletto*, which secures a marriage portion to their daughters, and of late to the younger sons. The story of its foundation is as follows :—

Charles Caraciolo had an only daughter, whom he was resolved to marry to one of his kinsmen, that his rich inheritance might remain in the family; this match was contrary to the young lady's inclination, who positively refused to acquiesce in it. Her enraged father shut her up in a convent, compelling her to take the veil, and she shortly after put an end to her life. Charles, distracted with remorse, did not long survive his daughter, and by way of atonement, determined to prevent any Caraciolo from becoming a nun, at least from want of fortune; he therefore established a fund to accumulate for them; when any daughter of the family marries, she receives the interest and savings accruing from the bank. Since the last person was endowed, it never has been more than 18,000*l.* and a change took place in the year 1784, which limits the portion of the woman to 12,000*l.*, and the remainder goes to educate and maintain the younger sons. The director of this bank has a house, table, and equipage found him. Many similar funds have been established in Sicily in imitation of the bank of the *Ciarletto*. A descendant of this illustrious family was the Neapolitan admiral Caraciolo, who perished at Naples, in the revolution which expelled Ferdinand from his continental dominions. The fate of this unfortunate nobleman was much lamented by his countrymen, amongst whom he was deservedly popular; he had long borne the chief command in Ferdinand's navy, and chose to remain at Naples on account of his family and estates, when the royal party emigrated to Sicily. Here, like many others, he was compelled to join the republican party, though according to all accounts, much against his inclination. Be that as it may, he directed the fortifications of the harbour, also the equipping of the gun-boats, and evinced

much skill and judgment in the many attacks he made upon the British, who had possession of the islands in the bay. When the troops of Cardinal Ruffo, aided by the British and Russians, succeeded in driving the French from Naples, the admiral retired to Messina. Upon the publication of the general amnesty he returned, but as the government kept no faith with the people, Caraciolo, with many other unfortunate noblemen, was seized, and confined to a ship in the harbour. From this vessel he was conveyed in irons to the *Foudroyant*, (Nelson's flag-ship,) and tried by a sort of court-martial in her ward-room, which condemned him to be hanged at the yard-arm. The sentence was put into execution the following day on board the *Diana*, a Neapolitan frigate. The face of the bay was covered with boats, filled with spectators who witnessed in profound silence the ignominious death of a man who merited a nobler fate, and who had acquired such extensive popularity amongst all ranks and conditions of people. Through his intercession with the French general many a life had been spared, and the city never enjoyed more quiet than beneath his care during the revolution. We are told that Lady Hamilton, with her usual humanity, interceded for his life, but Ferdinand remained inexorable. Indeed, he never shewed much of the "milk of human kindness;" it was, on this occasion, (to prevent a tumult) that Lady Hamilton made one of her *celebrated* speeches from the stern of Nelson's ship, and succeeded in sending the populace away in good humour; no easy task, considering the exhibition they had just witnessed and deplored.

Caraciolo was not the *ONLY* sacrifice to confidence misplaced: many, who had assurances of pardon, suffered on shore; and hundreds that had crowded into ships, were banished to the Lepari islands. \* There can be no

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\* The Lepari Isles are situated near the Faro of Messina, and are all of Volcanic origin; they are nearly covered with ashes from the eruption of Mount Strombolo, with scarcely any appear-

question but Nelson ought to have interfered with his authority ; his name was deeply implicated in this transaction, without a possibility of exculpation. The facts are these :—Commodore Foote commanded in Naples bay previous to Nelson's arrival with the King on board from Palermo. In conjunction with Cardinal Ruffo, the commodore had entered into a treaty with the insurgents in Castle de Nord, by which they stipulated for a *free and general* pardon ; it was *granted* by the cardinal, and guaranteed by the British officer. The *flag of truce* was flying when Nelson came, and the castle was to be instantly evacuated ; but by desire of Ferdinand the signal was made to annul the truce. I know it is said, that Nelson did not wish to offend the King ; but where the word of a British officer was in question, (indeed the faith of the British nation,) no dread of giving offence should have prevented him from doing his duty. The consequence was, the castle held out to the last extremity, and, on surrendering, the garrison were, contrary to agreement, sent into banishment. What became of the governor I know not ; he was confined at first in

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ance of verdure ; a few wretched fishermen are all the inhabitants, except a guard of soldiers stationed in a castle, which is used as a state prison. It is not possible for the cruelty of man to select a more miserable abode for the hapless exile than these islands.

What pale distress afflicts these wretched isles,

Where hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles !

Yet here it was, that hundreds, who had never been used to aught but the splendour of luxury, were placed to drag out a weary existence. Such was the promised mercy they received. I have often, in passing, observed the forlorn beings following, with sunken eyes, pallid cheeks, and aching hearts, the vessel, as she bent her course to the scene of all their former felicity, which they were to revisit no more.

It is the contemplation of such horrors that makes a man fully sensible of the value of his own country and constitution.



irons, on board a British ship, with the Duke de Rialto, who had given himself up on a promise of pardon; but was exiled to the island of Pantelaria. Such was the fate of hundreds, who presumed to confide in the faith of a treaty sanctioned by a British officer. To this hour, the Sicilians reproach us with it, and in every part of Italy it served to depreciate the British character.

The imbecility of Sir William Hamilton prevented his interference; but the controul his lady had acquired over the Queen's mind, was so great, that I am almost persuaded, had she really requested the life of Caraciolo to be spared, it would not have been refused.

Another instance of impropriety consisted in trying the unfortunate man on board a British ship:—he was no British subject, nor had he committed any crime against Britain, which could give us a right of controul over his trial. Besides the indelicacy of trying him in a flag-ship, under the very eye of his sovereign, whose presence alone would be sufficient to influence his judges; not that I mean to say the British did interfere in the business, but it gave great reason for the Neapolitans to suppose that we had done so, and might have been avoided. Nelson frequently acted without a thought, nor ever weighed in his mind what opinion men might form of his conduct, except in battle; every thing besides the fame acquired in a fight was beneath his notice or care.

The superior knowledge of Lady Hamilton ought to have made her resolute on an occasion so material to the future name of her friend; for had her influence been used it might have prevented deeds which the historian cannot record in a light favourable to a character, in other respects, illustrious and commendable.

CHURCH *versus* CHAPEL.

*Addressed to a Steeple-man about to marry a Pantiler;\* by  
an intimate Friend.*

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All men should wed with their similitude.

POPE.

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WHEN man and wife pull diff'rent ways,  
From conscientious scruple,  
Few peaceful hours, or happy days,  
Will ever bless the couple.

The *churchman* wedded to a spouse  
Who with the *saints* engages,  
Must keep a groom without his house,  
At very high board wages!

For zealous women, who deride  
The church, to follow nonsense,  
Will cheat their husbands, to provide  
For them who—guide their conscience.

Hence, then, 'tis prudent in a man,  
Whose wife's of such a humour,  
To gain her over, if he can,  
Or keep his money from her:—

For she that's full of zealous pride,  
And to such canting given,  
Thinks *all* too little for the guide  
Who—leads her soul to heaven.

Take, then, advice:—if you intend  
To marry and be happy,  
Forsake your hypocritic friend,  
Or else you'll prove a *sappy*!

X. Y. Z.

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\* Dissenting chapels, by many, are deridingly called "*Pantile Shops*:"—hence, a *Pantiler* is one who frequents, and gives support to, a chapel.

## SIR FRANCIS BURDETT AND LORD CASTLEREAGH.

THE conductors of the SCOURGE have always adopted for their motto *nullius addictus juare in verba magistri*, and they hope that the general tenor of their political reasoning has not falsified their professions. Four years have now elapsed since they commenced their arduous career of speculation on men and measures, and endeavoured to communicate to their readers a just and impartial picture of the times. During that long period they hope it will be found, that personal affection, the spirit of party, or the bias of interest, has never superseded their regard for truth, and their attachment to their country: that in the performance of their duty, as public journalists, they have expressed themselves on all occasions with fearless independence; and estimated with equal candor the opinions and the measures of public men, whether they came before their tribunal in the garb of a Tory, a Whig, or a Burdettite. The readiness with which we have inserted the opposite statements and arguments of controversial correspondents is at least a proof of our respect for freedom of opinion, and may justify, on our parts, the boast, so frequently prefixed to periodical publications, and so seldom corresponding with their practice, that we "are open to all parties, and influenced by none."

The conduct and principles of Sir Francis Burdett have frequently received the tribute of our humble approbation. His strenuous exertions in favor of reform; his honest and manly resistance to profusion of expenditure, and to the tyrannical exercise of authority; his willingness, undismayed by clamor, and unrepressed by arrogance, to advocate the cause of the victims of injustice and oppression, deserve the warmest gratitude and admiration of that community, which he has so anxiously served, and on which, if he has not conferred the highest



benefits, it must not be reprobated as his fault, but lamented as his misfortune. It is with peculiar unwillingness, therefore, that we feel ourselves called upon by an imperious sense of duty to express our reluctant dissatisfaction with some parts of his late demeanor, and our disapprobation of the errors of which he has been guilty. In proportion to the value of so exemplary a patriot, and to the extent of his influence on the community, is the correction of his inadvertencies. An humble *clod-pole* may mumble his nonsense and commit as many blunders as he pleases, but the spirited and intelligent youth may sometimes derive the most extensive benefit from a gentle flagellation.

In the first place, Sir Francis Burdett is always declaiming on the necessity and justice of an efficient representation: he asserts, that the present House of Commons does not express the opinions of the people, and is unusually eloquent on the enormity of the corruptions, and the indifference to the interests, and the wishes of the nation at large, by which that august body is so peculiarly distinguished. Yet, strange to say, representing as he does, a most numerous body of electors, who exercise the functions of English freeholders, and deputed, as it were, for the express purpose of stemming the torrent of corruption and injustice, he is almost, without exception, one of the most inactive, indolent, and inefficient members, who presume to speak, or take any part in the business of the House of Commons. He has adopted no regular plan, or system of procedure, but appears like an *ignis fatuus*, in unexpected starts, and disappears from the disappointed view of those who have been guided by his inflammatory corruscations. On a subject of inconsiderable moment, on the delinquency of a ship's steward, or the maiming of a drunken soldier, he is bustling, self-important, and comparatively eloquent; but on topics of higher interest, affecting the state of Europe, and the interests of the nation, he is

either totally silent, or feeble, quibbling, and pragmatical. He retires to Oxford during the progress of the momentous discussions, and justifies his conduct to his constituents, by attributing his absence from an important meeting to a fall of snow! Even on those few occasions in which he shakes off his constitutional lethargy, his renovated powers are wasted and exhausted in popular appeals to the multitude, while the real interests of the respectable electors are forgotten, and the most obnoxious measures of the lower house of legislature are suffered to pass without opposition or remonstrance.

The usual reply of Sir Francis to these accusations is briefly this—"All exertion is fruitless, and I despise the present corrupted phalanx too much to hurl my *telum imbellè* at so invulnerable a crew," (see *Morning Chronicle*, June 1, 1814.) But the same apology, which he thus advances for the remissness of his exertions, would justify the abandonment of his duty altogether. If it be necessary or expedient that he should *once* deliver his sentiments on an important subject, it is necessary and expedient that he should vouchsafe his attendance whenever the proceedings of parliament menace the rights, the property, and the opinions of his constituents. If the fruitless warfare of eloquence be uncongenial with his habits, and repugnant to his inclination, let him resign to some more able, determined, and indefatigable individual the task of representing those citizens, whom his indolence and his cowardice have betrayed.

The speech in Palace-yard, and the debate of last night, (March 10th,) have rather confirmed, than refuted, the preceding observations. We have seldom witnessed a more deplorable example of dereliction and inconsistency than that presented by the worthy baronet in Palace-yard. A more singular spectacle has seldom been presented than that of an individual, whose usual theme of declamatory eulogy, is the perfect representation of the people, and the necessity that the House

of Commons should fully and perfectly embody the opinions of their electors, opposing with all his power the most ardent and enthusiastic expressions of the sentiments of his constituents. The doctrine, that the will of the constituents is the law of the representative is the fundamental article of the Burdettite faith: yet Sir Francis comes boldly forward to inform the electors of Westminster that he opposes all the resolutions but the first; to inform them, with a singular degree of sincerity and intrepidity, that having never before met so *respectable* and numerous a meeting, he differs from this respectable and numerous meeting on almost every resolution that they request him to support. With all the sentiments of ragamuffin mobs, and scattered rabbles, he warmly and actively coincides; but from the opinions and wishes of the *most* respectable and numerous assembly he had ever witnessed, he decidedly dissents.

If such be the privileges of a member of parliament, and Sir Francis be disposed to justify his conduct on general principles, in what does the superiority of his own theoretical system of representation consist? If the House of Commons, from any cause, and however elected, may disregard the instructions and the demands of their constituents, it is obvious, that a ministerial assemblage of that august body, is as likely to do justice to the citizens whom it represents, as a conclave of patriots. Selfishness, caprice, obstinacy, singularity of opinion, and many other causes unconnected with public corruption, may produce effects as injurious to the interests of the people as the cupidity of a Melville, or the bigotry of a York.

The baronet, in his singular speech of the 10th of March, positively denies that he is an advocate of the corn laws: but his own assurance will scarcely be received as evidence of the fact, when contrasted with his address to the electors. It appears to us that every man may be justly termed a supporter of the corn laws, who does not oppose them. Inactivity, and passive acquiescence have all



the injurious effect of actual hostility. To have no opinion at all on a question in which his *numerous and respectable* constituents are deeply interested, is deliberate treason to that sovereign authority of the people, which he has so frequently recognised, and so boldly defended. It would be difficult by any mode of logic to demonstrate that, because the important question of reform was the dearest to the baronet's heart, minor and subordinate objects should be neglected; that because the expulsion of corrupt members from the House of Commons was indispensable to the happiness and prosperity of the kingdom, the misery, oppression, and injustice of the corn laws should be endured without a murmur or remonstrance. If the private feelings of the representative be the only guide of his duty, and may be honestly opposed to the sentiments and wishes of the electors, a reform in the houses of parliament would no more promote the great objects for which it is so warmly recommended, than the present corrupt and injurious system.

But if the conduct of Sir Francis Burdett deserve the occasional castigation of a friendly monitor, what shall be said of the perpetual outrages on decency, modesty, and common sense, which distinguish the speeches and the demeanour of the sapient Lord Castlereagh? The appointment of this nobleman to two important missions, and the deference paid to his personal exertions in debate by his less pretending colleagues, has overpowered the few remaining indications of respect for the house, and regard for the public, that he formerly displayed. The pertness of his replies, the freedom of his accusations, and the self-sufficiency with which he receives the repeated cheerings of his partial majorities, disgust by their perpetual obtrusion, and would justify the personal resentment of the respectable individuals against whom his sarcasms are directed. He has become, since his return from Vienna, a perfect monopolist of scurrility, indulges even on topics of the most abstract nature, and

of general interest, in the most virulent personal abuse. His charge against Sir Francis, that he had no other object than to overthrow the constitution, was irrelevant to the question before him, unparliamentary in its language, and insulting to the individual. We doubt whether Sir Francis Burdett has witnessed, during his long acquaintance with the electors of Westminster, a scene of more vulgar clamour, and more restless turbulence, than that presented to the indignant observation of the visitors of the gallery in the H— of C—. The sardonic grin, however, so conspicuous on the countenance of Lord Castlereagh and his friends, afforded satisfactory evidence how deeply and unexpectedly they were provoked and confounded by the baronet's retort ; of which the truth was too evident to be refuted, and the keenness too powerful to be resisted, even by the *as triplex* on the front of impudence. The reply of Sir Francis Burdett was not only valuable as a just tribute to justice, and to the rights of an injured people, but as elucidating the distinction between the promulgation of truth in parliament, and its circulation among the swinish multitude. For the publication of a letter, containing no expression of dislike to Lord Castlereagh's character, nor any censure upon his conduct to be compared with the animadversions of Sir Francis, the unfortunate Peter Finnerty was sentenced to a penalty of two hundred pounds and eighteen months confinement in the gaol of Gloucester. Had Sir Francis delivered at the Robin Hood the vehement and striking remarks on the sale of seats, and the criminality of the ministerial orator, he would have shared the fate of the Cobbetts, the Houstons, and the Lovells. Fortunately for this refined and enlightened nation, the vulgar alone are restrained from the utterance of truth, and the privilege of abuse, scurrility, and *blackguardism*, to use the language of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, is reserved for a select society of six hundred gentlemen.

## INTERESTING INVENTION.

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Art is but Nature's ape.—DAVENANT.

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MR. EDITOR,

YOU have heard, no doubt, of *artificial feelings*, and *artificial passions*, and, I should think, would readily admit, that they are very fit ingredients for *artificial bodies*. An idea struck me the other morning, while passing a warehouse of artificial requisites for the human body in Fleet-street, that there would be no great difficulty in establishing, on an extensive scale, a manufactory for ARTIFICIAL MEN, the metropolis abundantly furnishing every thing necessary for so desirable an undertaking.

My first care would be to provide for the public service, in manufacturing of *soldiers*; by which means I should, at any rate, secure the patronage of the present ministry, who seem very partial to such assistance, even in domestic occurrences:—and if the axiom among military men be true, that a soldier is a mere machine, to be moved only by the breath of his officer, then shall I be enabled to furnish the most complete military machinery ever put into motion. But as all evolutions are produced from the word of the officer, care must be taken, I admit, to select strong-winded gentlemen for the occasion. Colonel Q——, I apprehend, will not be eligible, however high in court favour he may be suspected; as the Colonel might prove a little like his horse—rather “*blown*.” But then, what think you of the brave Colonel Palmer, or the patriotic Mr. Whitbread, for such a situation? For who that has ever heard a debate in the House of Commons during the present session, in which they have taken so *disinterested* a part, can for a moment doubt the strength of their lungs?

The advantages to be derived from such machinery in prosecuting future wars will be numerous, as well as be a vast saving to the nation; for the commissariat depart-



ment and medical staff may be wholly dispensed with, as the machines will neither want food nor physic; and your surgeons must confine themselves to home practice, as all the casualties of war may be remedied by *carpenters* and *turners*, who, in case of much havoc, might, in addition, be also provided with *wooden heads*, which they should have the privilege of selecting—(the citizens being “nothing loath,”)—from the court of Common Council; or, on very urgent occasions, the same indulgence might be allowed in respect to both Houses of Parliament. The two Universities, the Bench, the Bar, and the college of Physicians, might likewise be made subservient to such demands, supposing, what is not very likely to happen, that wooden heads should run short in the metropolis.

You will perceive, Mr. Editor, from what has been observed, that nothing earthly can impede the progress of such a design; and, I flatter myself, that before Midsummer next, I shall have completed as many regiments as will be necessary to enforce the disgusting corn bill throughout the country, or any other obnoxious measure, with which, “under Providence,” his Majesty’s heaven-born ministry should be inclined to *bless* this “happy, happy isle!”

Before I conclude it will be necessary to mention, that, in order to make such machinery approximate to “living manners” as close as possible—(though it certainly is not always praise-worthy to copy the example of the great, who, as was long ago justly observed, too often “borrow merit from the dead,”\*—there will be wanted a large stock of *artificial courage*, *artificial candour*, and *artificial sincerity*. For the first requisite I propose to enquire of Messrs. W——e, Q——n, and M——y, who can, perhaps, if inclination be in the way, supply me with as much as may be deemed *quantum suff.* For the

second article, I certainly need not travel out of the city, as an Ex-Common Councilman, Mr. Q—n, has quite enough of that article to spare. But as to the third essential requisite, namely *artificial sincerity*, I must certainly go further a field, and look round among men of higher authority, and of greater consequence in life.—What think you, Sir, of my Lord Castlereagh, Prince Munich, and many more of their compeers in the late imperial Congress? And, judging from existing circumstances, and the equivocal and evasive answer given by the former to a plain question put to him in a certain assembly \*—(notwithstanding the nation has been kept so many months in suspense, and the merchant and manufacturer anxiously on tip-toe as to what might be the result,)—I think I might venture to calculate from his lordship a *never-failing supply* of so necessary an ingredient, and be furnished from that source with a stock equal to the most extravagant consumption or demand.

One thing I had nearly forgotten, and that a very prominent article in the composition of great men of the present day—I mean, *artificial sentiment*. But for this, the search need not be extensive; your friend Q—n, above-mentioned, can spare some *little* portion of so desirable a commodity; and, I am certain, that our modern *Novel spinners* will amply furnish the remainder.

There are, Mr. Editor, some other requisites necessary to complete this curious machinery, which is intended to do away with all “the dire calamities of war;” but as they are of a minor consideration to those adduced, I will no longer solicit your attention to

Yours, &c.

March 13th, 1815.

TIM TWIST.

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\* See debates in the House of Commons, March 7th, 1815.

## THE PIG-FACED LADY.

MR. EDITOR,

So many and so various have been the reports of this extraordinary phenomenon, that fearful lest you or your readers should be led astray from the truth, by the ridiculous relations of vulgar and speculative opinion, I have been at the pains of a minute enquiry into her origin, birth, manners, and affections; and herewith transmit you the result of my diligent research. Many have doubted her existence, but these doubts have arisen entirely from the contradictory accounts of scandalous report, which, by their various and opposite nature, like the art of chemical neutralization, have operated upon the intelligent mind, and produced disbelief; Sir, be assured, that her existence is not a fiction—she lives to the confusion of such disbelieving Jews, a Shiloh to their conversion.

I must beg of you in the first place, to discard from your belief that her *head* is a deformity, or that it was fashioned out by Nature in one of her merry moods; I can assure you, it is perfectly formed after the very best model of the porkish tribe, is full of expression and tenderness; in short, so exquisite in sympathetic feature, that it might tempt even a Jew to a salute, and a Christian to a warm embrace. Her voice is clear and distinct, as a sow doctor's horn in common conversation, and when she sings, which she never attempts but in a high wind, it is admirably shrill and piercing, more powerful than Catalini's, and more exquisitely brilliant and rich than the rattling of brass pans and tin kettles at a coal heaver's wedding.

It is really astonishing, the easy manner in which the public may be misled. Now, Sir, can any thing be more ridiculous than the report that this delicate creature owes the tender sensibility of her countenance, to the unnatural fright of her mother, on beholding the sign of a blue



boar, or to her wanton longings after a collar of brawn? These things are too absurd to require refutation; they bear upon the very face of them the grossness of misrepresentation—no, these are the mischievous whisperings of envy and detraction. Believe them not, Sir, they were invented to mislead. And now give an ear to facts from my pen, which I challenge the most sceptical to controvert. The pig-faced lady, by which name I shall recognize her throughout this communication, from obvious motives of delicacy and secrecy, is no other than the legitimate daughter of a peer of the realm of the *new* school; matrimonially grafted on a scyon of the *old* stock, a baroness of the ancient breed, covered with arms, quarterings, and honours, which have descended to her in a right line, coeval with that of the ROLLOS, and even the GWELPS—inundated with hereditaments like a swollen river, with the various tributes of mountain streams. The worthy peer of the new school, who was tempted into this powerful alliance, was originally a grocer, and you might have seen him formerly standing behind his counter with a sober countenance and a clean apron, retailing his treacle by the pound, and bowing gratefully to his customers; but when that just and necessary war commenced, which happily has just terminated, he suddenly jumped into the office of contractor; he baked biscuits for the navy, contracted for army accoutrements and gunpowder, and of course became a great man; his pickings out of the state were considerable, but he had an eye to business, and a perspective view of honours, dignities, and employments. He sighed for a glittering star and coronet, and in proportion as he grew rich in purse and borough interest, so he derived claims in the eye of the minister of the day to these *valuable* appendages. Notwithstanding, however, his violent longings after rank, and although his physiognomy was not altogether hog-like, yet his beard was *bristly*, and he retained other certain indications of his membership of

the swinish multitude. At length he obtained the coronet, and at length the fair hand of the starch piece of dignified antiquity, the baroness, who was the last gem of the family tree.

It was one of the results of the late war that the middling classes of society were done away, and that the country was divided distinctly into *two* classes, either the very rich, or the very poor; it grew out of monopoly as a necessary consequence; thus the very poor were characterized as the swinish multitude, and the contractor, the place-man, pensioner, &c. as the refined members of a *virtuous* court. The medium-man was no more; the honest plodding plain-dealing tradesman! an oppressive taxation had shortened his day, even in his maturity. Well, Sir, now to the sequel, which is, that the issue of this marriage between the swinish peer and the ancient baroness is a type of this medium class, which had become extinct. She is sent among us by a wise dispensation of Divine Providence to regenerate the class of middling society, in her hermaphroditical nature, being neither one thing or the other, but a compound of both, to restore the ancient state of civilization, to give us back the honest shop-keeper, with means enough to support a plum-pudding at Christmas, and a new suit for holidays and Sunday. It is indeed, asserted by some few, that the pig-faced lady is to be the mother of the promised Shiloh for the Jews' conversion. Events will prove this assertion, but I have not heard of her being in the state that mothers wish to be, to accommodate this purpose.—  
“\*He that believes, let him believe; he that doubts let him doubt, and be——.”

Having cleared up the point relative to the birth of this admired lady, and the objects of her coming, clearly I presume, to your satisfaction, as my own, allow me now to draw your attention to her engaging manners and general conduct. I have described the sweetness of her

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\* This is a quotation from Westley the preacher.

voice, and something of her person, which is about the middle size, elegantly formed, and full of dignity; her countenance is exactly that of a maiden sow, full of tenderness and languishing looks; her manners are for the most part mild; she never betrays any uneasiness but when she feels an inclination to dip her delicate trunk into her silver trough, blowing and delighting in her savory meal. But ill acquainted with the use of the vulgar tongue, she generally expresses herself by a grunt, which is very commanding, sonorous, and claims direct attention. She sleeps a great deal, and always after her meals. Her health is very good, and notwithstanding she has never been vaccinated, yet she is under no apprehension of the small-pock. She has had the measles, but has never been affected by any other incidental complaints of the human frame. Arrived at a marriageable age, her friends are desirous of linking her in that holy chain, and with a view to propagate the species I have some idea of offering myself to her arms. I have already made proposals, which are accepted, and the consummation will take place on the resurrection of Joanna Southcott in May, when she is to re-appear to her believers with the young Shiloh in her arms.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, yours, &c.

WHEKE WHEKE GRUNT, Esq.

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*The April Fool.*

"To day," says Dick, "is April day,

And tho' so mighty wise you be,

A bet, whate'er you like, I'll lay,

Ere night I'll make a fool of thee."

"A fool, I may be, it is true;

But Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid,

No man can make a fool of you,

For you're a fool already made."



## LIBER SINE TITULO;

OR,

*Copy of a Manuscript-Fragment found at a certain Mountain in Derbyshire, which takes its Name from the Devil, by one of the Swinish Multitude, as he was searching for Roots and Acorns, to support himself, his Wife, and six helpless Children, reduced to extreme Want, and on the point of perishing in the midst of the general Plenty, procured to this happy Country, by the present glorious Peace.*

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\* \* \*

*Multa desunt.*

For as hunger tameth the lion, even so shall lack of bread enervate man. Therefore, listen unto me, ye rulers of the earth, and ye kings and princes, hearken to the counsels of the first subduer of men.

And the multitude crieth—give us bread—that we may live. And why must the multitude live? Verily, as was aptly observed by one of my most approved ministers, I see no necessity why they should live!

Hath not a learned divine proved to demonstration, that the power of population in man, and the power of the earth in producing sustenance for his support, is proportionate and commensurate to the difference between a geometrical and an arithmetical series? What will ye then with peace? Is not \*war necessary, to prevent your dying by starvation?

Again, has not a very learned and famous professor of political œconomy published a most marvelous and masterly work, in which he proveth to you, that whoever

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\* “With the crude and puerile conceptions (writes this author) “which many form of the Deity, and of his infinite power, we “might imagine that God *could* call into being myriads and “myriads of existences, all free from pain and imperfection; “all eminent in goodness and wisdom. But ought we not

amongst you, be he man, woman, or child, who can not suffice to his own support, by his own manual labour, hath no right to live? yea, verily so doth the learned Doctor M—s write! And shall the multitude then be permitted to grumble and repine? Why do they not march? and why should starving wretches rail against a standing army?

And why so much *fuss* about your laws? In my dominions, which are infinitely more extensive and populous than any empire on the earth, and the inhabitants of which are of all countries, languages, and nations, I have but two fundamental laws, to wit, “first, do the things, which ye ought not to do;”—and secondly, “leave undone the things which ye ought to do.”—With these two precepts duly put in practice and enforced, every thing goes on in my dominions as it should do. And as I likewise take care to set myself the example of the conduct I require in my subjects, the most perfect harmony subsists between us. In this respect indeed, I could name certain princes and crowned heads, who have taken pattern from me, and whose conduct and example are strictly analogous and conformable to my own.

A late learned and right reverend divine has publicly

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“rather to conclude, that even to the great Creator, a certain  
 “process may be necessary, a certain time may be requisite,  
 “in order to form beings fit for his high purposes? So much  
 “at least is evident, that the Creator hath not invested the  
 “earth with a sufficient capacity to produce the needful  
 “quantum of food for man; for the power of population in  
 “man is so infinitely greater than the power in the earth to  
 “produce sustenance, that till the present economy of nature  
 “shall be changed, it is indispensibly necessary, that the re-  
 “dundancy of human parturition should be lopped off, and a  
 “strong check opposed to the increase of population. This  
 “check, in the present state of things, can only be found in  
 “war, and murder, and in the introduction of misery and  
 “vice!!!”

told you, that the multitude have no right to reason, or to think about the laws; all that they have got to do, is to obey them. Even so are things managed in my dominions; where, by the bye, I have not only bishops innumerable, but cardinals, nay popes themselves, in vast abundance. There shall ye find tiaras, mitres, ribbons red and green, hats, palliums, crosiers, yea crosses likewise, of all sorts and sizes, crosses of diamonds, crosses of gold, and crosses of silver!

Ye complain likewise of the scarcity of money. What is it, I ween, makes an article rare and valuable, but its scarcity? Ought ye not then to thank the rulers, who effect so valuable a scarcity among you. And in what country do the rulers, and the mighty men co-operate more strenuously, more efficaciously towards the *increase* of this *scarcity*, than in your own?

Ye pretend, that all men are, by nature, equal; that they have a right to equal laws and equal justice. Fine doctrine this, in very truth! Wot ye not, that the several members of society are like unto the notes of an instrument, even like unto the keys of a *piano-forte*. And have ye not, amongst these several keys, some which are *sharps*? some which are *flats*, and some which are *naturals*? Or, if ye will liken yourselves unto a fiddle; so are ye subjects the *cords*, and your ruler the *fiddle-stick*, that plays upon you—or, rather, your rulers are the *fingers*, which *pinch* and attune the *cords*!

Peradventure, were I to tell you my name, and who I am, you would imagine that I am the enemy of all religion. By no means; on the contrary, I tolerate them all in my dominions; and yet it was principally at *my* suggestion that the *pious* Ferdinand of Spain has re-established the *holy office of the Inquisition*! It was *I* likewise that instigated the performance of a \*Comedy, at Madrid, in ho-

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\* The following is a copy of the play-bill published on this memorable occasion:

“To the impress of the heavens, to the mother of the eternal



nour, and for the profit of the Blessed Virgin. It was *I* that appeared one stormy night to Ferdinand, under the shape and form of the virgin, blew flames of fire all round the room, and told that sick and credulous prince, that his death was inevitable, unless he made a solemn vow, should he ever be restored to the throne, to revive the murderous tribunal of the Dominicans. Ferdinand made the vow, and has most scrupulously fulfilled it. And who has assisted him, in all his proceedings? Whose blood has been shed to accomplish his restoration? Whose treasure has flowed, even more freely, more profusely than their blood? Was it not yours? And can ye then in conscience grumble, if ye lack bread, seeing you have laid out your money on such pious uses? Seeing you have impoverished yourselves in so glorious a cause?

Behold, I tell you a parable:—Where mushrooms grow, there must be soil. Now, the mushroom is of speedy growth, and waxeth amazingly. And so do *toad-stools* likewise. Now if a man have a bed of mushrooms, and it so happeneth, that toad-stools spring up among them, what doth this man do? Doth he not root out the toad-stools, which suck up the nurture of the soil, and impede the wholesome growth of the mushroom? But which, ye will say, are the mushrooms, and which the toad-stools? That question must ye decide yourselves.—Ask not counsel of the rich, nor of the mighty—for then will ye be the toad-stools, and the hand of power shall root you up.

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“ word, to the polar star of Spain; to the comforter: to the  
 “ faithful guardian and watch-tower of all believing Spaniards;  
 “ to the most holy, immaculate Queen and Virgin-mother, the  
 “ Blessed Mary; to her honour, to her profit, to her benefit,  
 “ and for the promotion of her most holy worship, her faithful  
 “ and humble servants, the Royal Company of Comedians, at  
 “ Madrid, most reverently dedicate the performance and re-  
 “ ceipts of the laughable Comedy of *Nanine* !”

Again, I no longer speak in parables, but I will hold you up a mirror, even a reflecting glass, in which ye may discern at once, your own wants, and the quarter, from which those wants may be relieved.

Doth any man want virtuous example, and moral pattern to regulate his conduct, let him look - - - - to the P—

For munificence, liberality, and generous feeling to the Q—.

For unfeigned piety - - - - to a certain Reverend Baronet.

For true and genuine patriotism - - - - - to the INS.

For disinterested politics - - - - - to the OUTS.

For ability - - - - - to Ministers.

For modesty - - - - - to Lord C—h.

For candour, and for justice - - - - - to Lord E—.

For economy - - - - to the Dispensers of the Public Purse.

For wisdom and shrewd talent - - - - to a worthy Alderman.

For patient resignation - - - - - to Lord Cochrane.

For the counter-part to the matron of Ephesus to Mr. C—ts.

For untasted fruit - - - - - to the late Miss M—.

For the most flourishing country in the universe to his own.

For happiness - - - - - elsewhere.

For the blessings of peace - - - - to a starving Population.

For patriotic zeal and sacrifice - - - - to the Landholders.

For an ass - - - - - to John Bull.

For mildness - - - - - to his Drivers.

For wit - - - - - to our modern Play-wrights.

For unassuming worth - - - - to our Actors and Actresses.

For deference to public opinion - - - - to the Managers.

For heaven - - - - - abroad.

For hell - - - - - at home.

For an angel - - - - - to his Mistress.

For the devil - - - - to his Wife, or any Person except myself,

Διαβολος

*To the Editor of the SCOURGE.*

SIR,

HAPPENING to be in the southern provinces of France, on the return of peace, and the restoration of the Bourbons, curiosity impelled me to undertake a journey to Rome, to see this justly celebrated city, once mistress of the civilized world. The sufferings endured, during his captivity in France, by his holiness Pius VI. had likewise no small share in inducing me to this step. I was desirous of contemplating a man, so long disciplined in the school of adversity, and to whose extraordinary patience, firmness, and resignation, under his severe trials, so many cotemporary authors, and particularly Chateaubriant, have borne such honourable testimony.

I shall not trouble you with any remarks on my voyage. Suffice it to say, that I arrived in the city of the Seven Hills, full of expectation to behold wonders, and big with hopes to see a Pope, so miraculously released from bondage, and restored to his dignity, signalize his new government by salutary ordinances, by the reform of abuses, and the abolition of gross fanaticism and superstition. Impressed with these pleasing ideas, I entered the magnificent cathedral of St. Peter.

The holy father now made his appearance in his wonted state; kissed with great devotion the foot of the bronze statue of the tutelary saint and apostle of the Catholic faith; in which religious act he was followed by an immense concourse of people. The music, to which I paid greater attention than to any of the ceremonial rites of worship, was truly grand, and calculated to inspire awe, reverence, and solemn extacy. My companion, however, a Prussian officer, of rather blunt manners, and frank almost to a fault, did not partake of my admiration, as far as applied to the vocal performers. He roundly declared, with a strong oath, that he would rather hear the service chaunted by a company of grenadiers, or even by Kalmuck Tartars, than by a non-descript set of



beings, victims of a tyrannic fashion, which, from the voluptuous serails of Asiatic effeminacy, had established itself in the finest provinces of Europe, and not content with degrading our theatres, had even obtruded itself into the sanctuary of the Most High! Upwards of five thousand wretches, he added, are annually subjected to this disgraceful and inhuman practice. Of these five-sixths, at least, pay the experiment with their life.

I did not feel inclined to enter into discussion on this topic, but continued to listen with admiration to the solemn music, which literally wrapped my soul, if I may be allowed the term, in elysium. The holy father himself officiated, *in pontificalibus*. The imposing majesty of the scene, I must own, produced on me its full effect. I was in a manner enchanted. But from this high-wrought state of rapture I was destined soon to fall into the very opposite extreme of indignation and disgust.

After his holiness had terminated the office, to which succeeded a kind of doxology on the triumph of the church over all its enemies; on the deliverance of God's vice-gerent upon earth from the chains of a ferocious tyrant and usurper, and the joy experienced by all true believers, and more especially by the holy city of Rome, in having again in her walls the head of the Christian world—a prelate arose, and demanding the most serious attention of the audience, proceeded to read a fulminating bull of anathema against the order of free-masons. By virtue of the power of the keys, entrusted to his holiness, as the worthy and accredited successor of St. Peter, the said wicked and diabolical sect of free-masons, with all and several their followers, partizans, and abettors, were declared the foes of God, enemies to the state, divested of all charges, trusts, and dignities, pronounced incapable of all public employments, their meetings prohibited, their lodges sentenced to destruction, and the members themselves to imprisonment, defamatory punishment, and confiscation of all their property. All this was ordered and enacted in the name of the most

holy blessed Trinity, as likewise for the honour of the blessed virgin mother, and the formidable document concluded, by renewing and perpetuating in all its force the ancient bull, drawn up by the Benedictine Lambertini, which excommunicates without redemption or reserve, the entire order of \*free-masons, and delivers the members, one and all, over to the devil, for the destruction of the flesh.

\* A still more disgraceful scene of violence and infuriate persecuting zeal against the respectable order of free-masons, was exhibited many years since, at Naples, under the legitimate government of his Sicilian majesty, before the breaking out of the French revolution, the results of which have placed an *unbeliever* on the Neapolitan throne.

The great tutelary saint of Naples, is the holy Januarius. The festival of this patron is principally remarkable for a religious farce, acted yearly on this occasion. For this purpose the martyr's blood is exposed to public gaze in a glass-phial. The miracle, annually operated, and on the success of which the inhabitants of Naples found the most sanguine hopes, (so much so, that when the miracle does not take place, it is considered as the greatest of all national misfortunes, the sure prognostic of dire public calamities, consists in the liquefaction of the said blood. The clergy very artfully avail themselves of this superstitious ceremony, to carry into execution any bold and daring measure they may have in contemplation, and the accomplishment of which, without some extraordinary effervescence of the public mind, might experience difficulty and opposition.

On the occasion alluded to, his *pious* Sicilian majesty had lately issued a very severe edict against the free-masons, dictated in the very same spirit, as the one we have just commented upon above, by Pius VI. The clergy conceiving that it was not adequately attended to, and carried into execution, resolved to avail themselves of the festival of St. Januarius to inflame the populace, and push them on to the most wanton acts of violence and aggression. An immense concourse, as usual, pressed forward like a stream, to the altar, where was



Is this, (thought I within myself) the result of the lessons of adversity, in which the holy father has been so long schooled and versed? Are these the fruits of experience in the ways of men, and a due observance of the signs of the times? Has then his holiness pro-

exhibited the wonder-working skull. Priests and monks of all orders, and in vast numbers, assisted at the ceremony. Every eye was directed in eager suspense to the holy relic; every breast throbbed high with expectation; the assembled multitude absolutely panted with impatience. Prayers and incantations were offered up to all the saints; still the blood refused to liquefy and flow. The populace became almost furious. Some struck their breasts with rage; others imprecated curses---“Greatest of all saints!” exclaimed the one, “cause thy blood to work its wonted miracle?” “Holy Trinity!” vociferated another, “be our advocate with the saint---implore the “most holy Januarius, to be pleased to speak to his blood!”---But all was in vain, the blood remained inactive and congealed. The multitude now began to lose all patience. Some loaded the holy skull with invectives, others even proceeded to commit violence, and threatened to throw the holy relic into the sea, if the saint did not speedily work his accustomed miracle.

The priests perceived with pleasure the tumult increase till it menaced serious consequences. At this critical moment, certain emissaries, in their employ, judiciously distributed among the crowd, were heard to exclaim, “The fault does not lie “with our saint---no, it is among ourselves, that we must look “for the cause. The *Jonas* must be here---heretics must be “amongst us.” “Heretics!” re-echoed a thousand voices---“where are they?---bring them forth, that we may wreak vengeance on them immediately.”---“Ah! my good christian “friends!” began here several of the priests to exclaim, “is not “our city full of free-masons?---full of that hellish brood, ten “thousand times worse than any heretics?” “Down with the “free-masons!”---vociferated the mob. This was the exact point to which the priests wished to bring them. The blood of St. Januarius soon began to liquefy. All the world cried out “wonder! miracle!”---and off set a numerous rabble, fired



fited nothing by the opportunities he must have had, during his detention in France, of witnessing the progress of human civilization, and the change effected, by the extensive dissemination of knowledge, in public opinion? Is Europe, unhappy Europe, then destined, after such a long and sanguinary struggle, to relapse into its former gloom of ignorance, of superstition, of intolerant priestcraft, error, and fanaticism?

Not many days after the promulgation of this furious edict against the free-masons, I had a fresh opportunity of appreciating the narrow-minded policy of this incorrigible bigot Pope. At the request of his *pious* and dearly-beloved son in Christ, Ferdinand of Spain, Pius VI. was pleased to arm the thunders of the Vatican against the numerous inhabitants of Spanish South America. The whole of the immense population of these countries, who are nobly struggling for their birth-right, were laid under ecclesiastical interdict. *Anathemas* and *Maranathas* were launched against them, with equal fury, and with the same blind zeal as had been exhibited in the case of the free-masons. The bull was sealed with the *fisherman's ring*, and forwarded, without delay, and with all due ceremony, to the Pope's pious and dear son in Christ, at Madrid.

But I should greatly exceed the limits of a letter, were I to enlarge, Mr. Editor, on all the instances I witnessed, during my abode in Rome, of the impolitic and disgraceful conduct of this infatuated Pontiff, whose principal,

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with blind zeal, who attacked every person suspected of belonging to, or favouring the order of free-masons; committed various acts of violence; much blood was shed, several lives lost, and for several succeeding days, no person deemed hostile to the priesthood, could with safety walk the streets. Such was the state of things, at Naples, under the reign of one of those *legitimate* monarchs, in whose cause so much British blood and treasure has been so profusely and so unworthily lavished!

if not sole aim, it appears to be, to retard the progress of mental illumination, and to co-operate with his worthy associate and beloved son, in replunging every country, over which he possesses any influence, into worse than Gothic barbarism and ignorance. Let, therefore, the following fact suffice for a general specimen of the policy, views, and occupations of the holy father.

Previous to the irruption of the French into Italy, and the unprecedented success which attended their arms, the town of Tolentino had for centuries been in high repute, as the original manufactory of the celebrated Tolentine cakes, the efficacy of which in the cure of all distempers, both of men and of cattle, has been attested and established all over the continent of Europe, by more than one papal bull. Such, in fact, was formerly the prodigious demand for this invaluable nostrum, that no less than ten immense furnaces, (each little inferior in size to the famous fiery furnace of Nebuchadnezzar, at Babylon, from the very centre of which Messrs. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, chaunted a most delectable *trio*, as may be seen in the *Song of the three holy children*;) were kept in constant heat and glow, for the manufacture of this precious article. The establishment belonged to the friars of the order of St. Augustin, and the whole convent had sufficient occupation in furnishing an adequate supply. But the results of the French revolution, and the rapid strides made since that lamentable event, by impiety and ungodliness of every kind, had greatly retrenched the sale and consumption of the Tolentine cakes. A deputation of the order was therefore sent to his holiness, praying his co-operation in restoring this manufacture to its ancient celebrity and demand. The holy father was graciously pleased to accede to their prayer, and the Tolentine cakes are now again coming into extensive circulation, in virtue of a papal bull, setting forth and attesting their miraculous efficacy. I myself saw a large quantity of casks, filled with this precious and infallible

remedy, addressed to different parts of Spain! Probably some of them may have been a present from the holy father to his worthy and beloved son **FERNINAND!**

I am, Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.

Bath, 25th Feb. 1815.

CASTIGATOR.

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### ANCIENT MIRACLES, MODERN WONDERS, AND EXTRAORDINARY WITS.

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SIR,

It appears to be the opinion of the present enlightened generation that no wonders can have existed, and no miracles can have been performed, which have not taken place since the occurrence of that wonderful event the French revolution. While it is the bounden duty of every man, woman, maid, and child, to believe in the existence of the pig-faced lady; while magnanimous colonels, exemplary matrons, and evangelical divines, have believed and supported the miraculous pregnancy of an ancient virgin of fifty-five years of age; while the Greenock mermaid disturbs the sleep and awakes the curiosity of all the natural historians in the kingdom, we regard with indifference the most authentic, though singular and romantic stories of ancient times: incredulity on topics of the sacred and the most frivolous nature, when they bear the slightest references to the early periods of the Christian era, is regarded as a proof of manly and intelligent scepticism; while a ready acquiescence in every stupid tale of avarice, ignorance, or folly, produced by a modern impostor, is received with indulgence or avidity.

It may not be entirely useless or unentertaining, however, to examine a few of the ancient stories and legends which have most powerfully excited the indignation of the incredulous critic, or the ridicule of the pretended wit.



credulous critic, or the ridicule of the pretended wit. We may venture to affirm, that many of the most singular stories, related by the earlier writers and poets of Italy, France, and England, are at least as credible and authentic, as the pregnancy of Joanna Southcott, the koiridian deformities of the unfortunate daughter of the Marquis of B., the extraction of a human fœtus from the abdomen of a male, and the substitution for a natural nose, an artificial successor, which "shall remain unequalled for utility, elegance, and beauty." Nay, it may be justly and modestly disputed, whether many of the legends of Bede and Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the Tales of Scarron, are less deserving of credibility or admiration, than Mr. Canning's professions of disinterested probity, or Sir Francis Burdett's assertion that he is an enemy to the corn laws. It may be doubted, whether the predictions of Mr. Vansittart, uttered a few days ago, of a long and splendid æra of peace and prosperity, were much more fortunate than the forebodings of Phalaris, or his statements more tangible than the delusions of Calypso.

Among the most romantic, and apparently the most incredible relations of the Italian poets, the visit of As-tolphus to the moon, and the description of the curiosities which he examines, have been regarded as the mere creation of a wild and extravagant imagination. The repository of wits, in particular, has been equally supposed by the witless and the witty, to be a mere invention of the author, intended to prove that *his* wits, at least, were not compressed within the limits of a lunar smelling bottle, but remained in their proper receptacle, the brain, in all their original briskness and activity.

Yet I cannot help considering the present situation of the literary, political, and fashionable world, as highly tending to corroborate the descriptions of Ariosto. When the wits of our ministers of state, of our senatorial orators, and of still more high and important personages, the monarchs and generals of Europe, appear

to have deserted them, it becomes a natural subject of investigation, whither they have flown, and to what purposes they have been converted. It is not unreasonable to conclude, that, like the sugar of lead, or the sublimate of mercury, they have assumed a form and character entirely different from that of their native existence; that the volatility of Mr. Wellesley Pole has been concentrated into a malignant and pestilential vapor, while the pericraniums of many other "honourable and learned" members of the house of commons, have elicited a succession of airy and unsubstantial bubbles, calculated only to deceive the childish multitude. These bubbles have sometimes represented on their surface, universal liberty, the final downfall of Bonaparte, the reduction of the national debt, the friendship of the Emperor of Russia, the virtues of the Prince Regent, and the disinterested patriotism of our ministers and representatives. The bubbles, indeed, have almost immediately burst, and were found, like the skulls of the individuals, from whom they proceeded, *full of emptiness.*

It is of little consequence, however, Mr. Editor, in what shape the wits of the public characters of the present day may be most easily recognised, or what form they most easily and naturally assume. It is of more importance to enquire, in the first place, whether the great majority have any wits at all; and, in the second, whither the wits of those who actually do possess some claim to so valuable a property, have lately fled. For my own part, Sir, I confess myself utterly unable to answer the question, and the friends whom I have consulted, are equally unfortunate. Permit me, therefore, as a tribute of respect and admiration to the individuals, whose conduct, character, and personal accomplishments so materially affect the welfare, and *substantial*, as well as intellectual comforts of the community, the following important queries:—

What became of the wits of Lord Castlereagh when, coinciding in the views of the Emperor of Austria, he



permitted the betrayed or vanquished Napoleon to obtain conditions, which should enable him, after a temporary exile, to return to France, and once more endanger the liberties and prosperity of Europe? What became of his wits, when he provoked Sir Francis Burdett to one of the most severe and irresistible retorts that the history of parliamentary debating has recorded; and now that he acknowledges himself to be *out of his wits*, at the recent intelligence from France, can any of his sane and intelligent friends inform us at what distance of time it is possible, that a change of events may restore his wits to their original receptacle?

To what region had the wits of Robert Southey, Esq. poet-laureat, escaped, when he celebrated, in sonorous and grateful verse, the wisdom of Alexander, the deliverance of mankind, the mild and unambitious humility of the Emperor of Austria, and the prescience, piety, and enlightened policy of the Regent? Were they drowned in a butt of sack? or lost amidst the blaze of courtly splendor, and princely condescension? Were they blasted by the pestiferous breath of some malignant *Kehama*, or concentrated within the aromatic-vinegar box of some king's place Kailayel? I hope that their loss is not absolutely irrecoverable; their restoration in their pristine state to the cranium of the poet-laureat, would be the subject of sincere congratulation to the admirers of genius, the lovers of poetry, and all who lament the prostitution and debasement of genuine talent.

To these enquiries, Mr. Editor, I am afraid that the friends of the interrogated parties will return an unanimous answer, that if Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Southey, and their coadjutors, have lost their wits, the rest of the nation is in the same predicament. Whether such an accusation be founded in fact, or be merely the effusion of witless ignorance, I shall not venture to determine, since the experience of a few days will enable us to ascertain the wishes of the public, respecting the commencement of a new and sanguinary war!

P. P.



## PANDORA'S BOX.

*Dedicated to his Holiness Pope Pius VI.*

WHEN first Pandora's box was op'd,  
 All hell look'd on, and fondly hop'd  
 To see some uncouth beast.  
 But, Gods ! what met their wond'ring eyes ?  
 And fill'd each fiend with glad surprize ?  
 Lo ! out there popp'd a priest !

With solemn garb, and look demure,  
 So quaintly fitted to allure,  
 The demons all agreed,  
 Pandora had the garland won,  
 And all the furies' feats outdone,  
*Man now was damn'd indeed !*

## THE CHARITABLE LADY.

*Imitated from the German, and humbly inscribed to a certain august Personage.*

OF deeds of arms, let others tell ;  
 Of carnage, war, and strife ;  
 My muse shall sing of moral worth,  
 Of scenes in private life.

Fortune, to fair Belinda kind,  
 Did golden store impart.  
 Nature a richer boon bestow'd,  
 A kind and feeling heart !

“ Ah ! what's the use of wealth ”—she cried—  
 “ If not to succour need ?  
 “ And when the hungry mouth implores,  
 “ The hungry mouth to feed ? ”

Strait at the word, before her door,  
 A poor, decrepit man appears ;  
 Bent on his staff, he begs an alms,  
 And moves her pity with his tears.

Belinda felt for his distress,  
 She shed a tear, and shook her head ;  
 Then gave the poor decrepit man  
 A large, large—*crust of mouldy bread !*

## THE LAWYER AND THE KITTEN ;

OR,

*Something more than a Sweet.*

NOT far from St. Paul's, as the story is told,  
 A sprig of the law, TOM B——N, the hold,  
 Got mounted quite gaily above the first floor,  
 Yet though perch'd up so high he was not very poor.  
 Tom lik'd to be dashing, which many can tell,  
 And in figure and manners he was very well ;  
 He told a good story as any I know,  
 And could well throw the hatchet, or draw the long bow ;  
 His grog he took kindly, though sometimes too much,  
 By most lawyers allow'd, when the *rhino* they touch.

Tom's cabin was furnish'd in pretty good trim,  
 And as music's the fashion, why Tom had his whim :---  
 In the room where he slept, and just by the door,  
 He had placed a piano, though in playing a bore.

It happen'd one night he got more than half drunk,  
 Yet was sober'd again, but not by a punk ;  
 For lawyers sometimes, though fond of a revel,  
 When hipp'd, in the dark are afraid of the Devil.  
 He turn'd into bed as the watchman bawl'd " One,"  
 (And the *blues*,\* 'tis well known, do not frisk in the sun ;)  
 When certain it was that he could not take rest,  
 Though in taking a glass he was one of the best ;  
 Still tossing and turning, again and again,  
 He invok'd the dull god, but invok'd him in vain ;  
 When, lo ! in his room he heard something creep,  
 That banish'd at once all ideas of sleep ;  
 And *piano* began that instant to play,  
 Which produc'd in poor Tom the most horrid dismay :  
 First he pray'd, and then swore he'd no more get drunk,  
 While piano's sweet notes still caus'd him to funk ;

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\* The "*blues*" are a class of chimerical sprites, said principally to infest tippling artists and mechanics at the shank end of a fuddle, and become particularly frightful and troublesome on the approach of Saturday night.

Till, desperate, at length he jump'd up in a fume,  
 And exclaim'd—"Sure the Devil must be in the room!"  
 When examining closely a *kitten* he found,  
 Unconsciously pacing the gamut around;  
 Then gripp'd the poor victim, and said in a pet,  
 "It's you,—you d—d urchin,—that's caus'd me this sweat!"  
 But a *sweat* was not *all*, when it came to the test,  
 As his *laundress* well knew—if she dare tell *the rest*!

Quoz.

*To the Editor of the SCOURGE.*

SIR,

I HAVE perused with no common interest, the letter, signed *Egypt*, in your last number, relative to the unfortunate case of a great number of returned British prisoners of war, in this country. The manner in which they are totally lost sight of, and neglected by the government, of which neglect your correspondent justly complains, is certainly shameful, and it gives me but a very mean opinion of the sincerity and principles of certain pretended patriots, when I reflect, that not once has a motion been made in their favour in parliament.

In these sentiments I was still more strongly confirmed, by some very pertinent remarks made by Mr. Sheridan, at the late anniversary dinner in commemoration of St. Patrick's day. Certainly, it is little creditable to the British character, that a nation so universally renowned for liberality and munificence to foreigners, should have so little feeling for their own countrymen. What immense sums have been subscribed, and are still collecting, for the relief of the sufferers by the late war in Germany! Has one penny been voted, for the succour of our fellow-subjects, who, after lingering years in cruel and hopeless captivity, in the dungeons of France, are now turned adrift upon the world, to struggle with penury, with bodily infirmity, and extreme want?



I shall be told, perhaps, that the pay of these poor unfortunate captives has been made good to them, on their return to England. True, Sir, to such of the wretched prisoners of war, as appertained to the army or the navy. But the far greater bulk of these miserable sufferers—all those employed in the merchant service, have not a farthing to receive on their arrival on their native shores. During their captivity in France, the sailors, belonging to the merchant service, received latterly, by way of charitable succour, (said to emanate from the so-called Patriotic Fund,) one penny per day, in addition to their miserable French pay, of three farthings per diem from the French government. Of this self-same wretched pittance of three farthings per day, one half, on an average, went regularly into the pockets of the commandant of the depot,\* under pretence of making good damages done by the prisoners to the premises in

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\* It was not till in the summer of 1812, that a *council of administration* was instituted at the several depots, to audit the accounts, and regulate the appropriation of the allowance made to the British prisoners of war, by the French government. The said council consisted of five members, three of whom were Frenchmen, viz. the commandant *de la place*, the commandant of the depot, and another French officer, chosen by the two former, and two English members not *chosen* by the prisoners, but *appointed by the French commandant*. Thus independent of the majority of three to two against them, (which virtually rendered their office in many respects nugatory) they were naturally apt to incline towards that authority, from whose favour they were dependent for certain privileges and indulgences; such, for instance, as liberty to lodge in town, in some of the depots; or to walk about in the town during the day-time, in others. It is but justice, however, to add, that in many instances, they exerted themselves to the benefit of the prisoners. This was particularly the case at Bitche, where Dr. John Patterson, surgeon in the navy, was one of the English members of the council of administration, and on all occasions boldly

which they were confined. The man of war's man, on the other hand, and the soldier, received six sols per day extra. Hence, it must be evident that, independent of the great benefit accruing to the latter class of prisoners, from receiving their full amount of wages, on their arrival in this country, they had the means of bettering considerably their condition, and adding greatly to their comforts during their continuance in captivity, which of course gave them a momentous advantage over their fellow-prisoners, appertaining to the merchant service.

How many hundreds of this latter class have lingered in hopeless and indefinite captivity such a length of years, that now, on their emancipation from French thralldom, they are totally unfit for service? totally incapable of earning their own support? How many have been wounded, at the time of their capture, and are now cast upon the world, without any provision? How many, from age and infirmity, will be driven to the work-house? How many families have been ruined, by the prolonged detention of their legitimate protector and head? How many wretched British prisoners of war, have resisted the most tempting offers of seduction; have heroically supported the most wanton and inveterate\* persecution of

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advocated the interests of his countrymen. He was likewise entrusted with the medical department, and not only exercised his functions in this line *gratuitously*, whilst at other depots the English surgeon received a very handsome allowance from the English government, but was likewise at great personal expence, being obliged to have a *gendarme*, as his escort, every time he went to town, for the necessary wants of his little apothecary's shop. It need scarcely be added, that the escort of a *gendarme* was not to be obtained for nothing. These fellows always expected a good dinner and wine, till they could scarcely stand. Dr. Patterson, we understand, is at present appointed to the *Batavia* hospital-ship, lying off Woolwich.

\* Major-General Lord Blaney, who was made prisoner of war in Spain, furnishes some very interesting data on this subject

their tyrants, rather than forswear their allegiance to the sovereign, and take up arms against their country? And what is their recompense? what their reward for such meritorious and loyal suffering? Tell it not in Gath—publish it not in Askalon—these brave, these gallant martyrs to their country and their king, are left, by an

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in the *Narrative of his forced Journey through Spain and France*, lately published, from which we give the following extracts, in corroboration of our appeal.

“A convoy being expected from Seville, I went out to meet it, accompanied by Monsieur de Billi, and by some of our officers. Before we fell in with the convoy, we met with three Irishmen, without any escort, who pretended they were prisoners taken at Cadiz, but who in reality were deserters from the 87th regiment. There were also with them some English sailors, and among them a young lad, named Archibald Lindsey, who told me that he had been constantly kept in irons, and treated with the greatest cruelty, to oblige him to enter into the French service!”

Lord Blaney fell in with this brave and loyal seaman a second time.

“On quitting the castle, I heard myself wished a happy new year in English; and certainly Robinson Crusoe could not have been more surprized at hearing his parrot cry “*Poor Robin!*” than I was at being addressed by an English voice, from so unexpected a place. The compliment was several times repeated; but I for some time looked round in vain for the speaker, until at last I observed the unfortunate lad, Archibald Lindsey, looking through the grate of an upper apartment, and learnt from him, that he was confined there, *in chains, without fire, or any one earthly consolation*. The miserable situation of this poor fellow made me feel most forcibly how little my own was to be complained of, when compared with his, which united captivity, cold, and hunger.

Every effort, as I have before noticed, had been used to induce this poor lad to enter into the French service, but without effect; and as a punishment for his virtuous patriotism, he was now thus starving in chains. Indeed, I have observed many instances of heroic constancy in this respect.”



unfeeling, prodigal, and ruinous administration, to starve, to beg, or take to the highway!

Can then her majesty, our most gracious queen, with her wonted charitableness and munificence, not come forward with her own example? in support of such a truly great and patriotic cause? Can his royal highness the Prince Regent, set no illustrious pattern? Can we have no *Frogmore-fêtes*, no *trinket-lotteries*, in support of our own perishing fellow-subjects, victims to their zeal, their loyalty, and allegiance? Auctions, it seems, are taking place for the sale of *German nick-knacks*, *German gew-gaws*—but not a single scheme is projected, not a single appeal made, in behalf of our distressed countrymen, in support of the wretched British prisoners of war, returned from foreign thralldom to rot in jails, or perish on the dung-hill in their own country. It is a fact, which we state, on the authority of a naval officer, who having effected his escape from a French prison, on the irruption of the allies into France, exerted himself in liberating his countrymen, and from his own purse supplied their wants, and assured them a return to England, that the government make a difficulty of paying the expences he has incurred on this meritorious service.

I shall offer no comment on this statement, but am,

Mr. Editor,

Yours, &c.

Portland-place, 15th March, 1815. A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

#### *A Lover's Oath.*

“Do you,” said Fanny, t’other day,

“In earnest love me as you say?

Or are those tender words applied

Alike to fifty girls beside?”

“Dear cruel girl,” cried I, “forbear,

For by those eyes, those lips, I swear,”—

She stopp’d me as the oath I took;

And said “you’ve sworn, now kiss the book.”

## POETICAL EPITAPHS.—No. I.

SIR,

THE past and the present, occupy too much of our attention. A being of such large discourse as man, should sometimes stretch his thoughts beyond the petty circle of existing things, and strive to penetrate into the future. The task is less difficult than may be imagined. The wisdom of preceding ages is open to our inspection, and the comment upon that wisdom, may be found in our living practice. From the text, and the gloss, our reason can reduce, with tolerable probability of accuracy, a few fixed and general principles.

It is admitted by every one, that truth can rarely, if ever, be elicited from the conflicting passions of the moment. Whatever we see or hear, is distorted by our prejudices; we believe and disbelieve without inquiry; and condemn or approve according as we fear or wish.

Amid this tumult of antipathies, jealousies, and interests, who can expect to hear the voice of reason? Who can flatter himself that justice will be imparted to him? Death alone silences that tumult: the grave knows no distinctions, and there only terminate the rancour and hostility of man.

If it were possible so to subdue the judgment to the imagination, as to fancy our living great men were already consigned to the sepulchre, that they had closed their career, and could add no new feature to their character, it would be comparatively an easy task to delineate that character. To a certain extent, I have no doubt that such a temporary abstraction may be obtained; and as a proof of it, I send you the following specimens of parliamentary epitaphs, which I think it likely an impartial posterity may inscribe upon the tombs of the individuals to whom they are appropriated. If you like my assortment, I shall, from time to time, furnish you with more of them, till I have gone through both houses of parliament. I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

ANTHONY GRAVESTONE.

300 *Epitaph on the Right Hon. George Ponsonby.*

D. O. M.

SACRED to the MEMORY of  
The RIGHT HON. GEORGE PONSONBY ;  
A man more exalted by birth, by fortune,  
and by accident, than  
by talent.

Placed, he knew not why, at the head of a party,  
He sunk below his natural level by the  
mere force of contrast.

Nature ordained that his FORM should  
typify his MIND ;

Coarse, heavy, and phlegmatic.

A lover of humble truths, he never soared  
Even to the elevation of a paradox.

What was obvious, he illustrated :

What was admitted, he enforced :

What was intelligible, he explained ;  
and

What every one knew, he communicated.

In action, he wanted grace ;

In elocution, words ; and in argument matter :

But, to counterbalance these deficiencies,  
he possessed

A placid egotism, and a full blown-confidence  
peculiar to his nation.

Reader ! he was an Irishman.

He expired, after a life of unabated indolence,

In all the plenitude of his fame :

Lamented only by those he had opposed,  
And not missed by those he had supported.

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II.

In this minute, and curiously-wrought  
NUT-SHELL,

Are deposited the BRAINS of  
Sir JOHN NEWPORT, Bart.

Supposed to be the smallest that ever belonged  
to a Member of Parliament,



And here preserved,  
In four drops of proof whiskey,  
As a testimony, to after ages,  
That no necessary connection subsists  
Between the head and the tongue.  
Few men spoke more :—none thought less :  
Yet, the sincerity of his character,  
and  
The exility of the cerebrum,  
Evince, that he always tried to think.  
Precluded, by nature, from comprehending a whole,  
His microscopic mind seized only on parts ;  
And, as some ancient tabby, whose dire claws  
Retain a hapless mouse,  
Plays, digs, and bites the little wretch  
Until, at last, the sufferer expires ;  
Or, as a barn-door hen with solitary chick,  
Clucks with maternal pride,  
Her single progeny surveying ;  
So NEWPORT, at once both hen and tabby,  
Exulted in the little topics he could seize,  
Yet strangled 'ere he left them.  
His death was a counterpart of his life :  
For, being lifted to a  
*Chaise-percée*,  
Fate severed his vital thread  
Just as he had concluded  
A MOTION,  
And was about to move  
For PAPERS.

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III.

Beneath this *party-coloured* slab,  
Lie the mouldering remains  
of  
The Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING,  
In the firm assurance of a final resurrection,  
And doubtful only of its  
EXPEDIENCY.

*Mr. Canning's epitaph.*

His sentiments were always a contradiction  
Of his conduct ;

And what he most vehemently opposed  
In argument,  
He always most steadily supported  
By his vote.

His acquirements were various, but not solid :  
Elegant, but not profound ;  
Brilliant, but not splendid.

Antithesis, pun, repartee, and irony he  
could command ;

But the dazzling corruscations of wit,  
Or the fascinating blandishments of humour,  
Were beyond his power,

Though not beyond his efforts, to attain.

As an orator he possessed a fluency of language,  
Which often betrayed him into prolixity :

His diction was ambitiously ornamental,  
Yet sometimes chaste and impressive.

He delighted more in declamation than  
in reasoning ;

And hence, though he seldom convinced,

Yet, from the exuberance of his fancy,

The variety of his embellishments,

The amplitude of his illustrations,  
and

The felicity of his allusions,

He never failed to delight.

In a College he would have been

Pre-eminent

For evasive disputation and plausible sophistry ;

In public life he wanted decision  
of character,

Steadiness of principle, and sincerity  
of feeling,

To become a really great man.

He was consistent in nothing but his

Inconsistency.

After a life of variable and fluctuating

Politics,

Of changeable, and uncertain views,  
and  
Of pliant versatility and heartless fidelity,  
He expired, distracted with doubts  
Whether to profess himself, in his last  
moments,  
A Lutheran, a Calvinist, or a Catholic.

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### THE CORN BILL.

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At a time when every other sensation is absorbed in mortification and astonishment at the success of Buonaparte; when Europe, through the treachery or folly of the continental monarchs, is threatened with a renewal of the evils from which it has just escaped; when our very existence as a nation is once more endangered by the restoration of an avowed inveterate enemy to the throne of France; and a recurrence of the burthens, the toils, and the distresses of continued warfare, haunts us with its immediate prospect; we may possibly be accused of indifference to the feelings of our readers, or to the importance of passing events, in devoting a portion of our pages to a subject so abstracted as the corn laws. Yet as we conceive the final determination of the question respecting the necessity of restriction to be of vital importance to the welfare of the country, and second only to the decision between peace and war, we cannot in justice to our own sentiments refrain from hazarding a few cursory ideas on this interesting subject.

The manufacturers of this nation have been for a long series of years the victims of interrupted commerce, and restricted intercourse. The exclusion of our manufactures from the continent during the long interval that has elapsed since the accession of Buonaparte, the rupture with America, the general abandonment of superfluous purchases by a population groaning beneath the pressure



of accumulated taxes, all contributed to render the manufacturing districts the scenes of privation, discontent, and despair. The proceedings of the Luddites, the disturbances at Leeds and Nottingham, and the increase of pauperism, all conspired to indicate the grievous nature of the oppressions beneath which the manufacturers laboured, and to command the most minute investigation of the House of Commons. Though some misguided individuals, however, proceeded to acts of violence and outrage, the great majority of their fellow-labourers, with a forbearance highly creditable to their characters as British subjects, patiently waited, even amidst the most poignant sufferings, the expected period of relief, and trusted that when the prowess, or the concessions of England, should open a new market to their wares, all their existing losses and privations would be amply remunerated. The first dawn of this fallacious hope beamed on the knitters of Nottingham, and the artificers of Birmingham, on the repeal of the orders in council, only to render their disappointment at the continuance of war with America more afflicting; and all hopes of retrieving the affairs of the manufacturers had subsided, when the exile of Napoleon to the island of Elba, once more revived their hopes, and in some few instances justified their expectations.

It was soon discovered, however, that the sanguine calculations of those manufacturers who looked forward to the unlimited, or even to the moderate purchases of British goods upon the continent of Europe, were highly fallacious; that accustomed by necessity, and stimulated by the opportunities of monopolizing the market, the merchants and manufacturers of France and Germany had brought the principal articles of our staple to a pitch of perfection, in proportion to the price that precluded the possibility of profitable competition, and left to a great part of the population of England no alternative but to lower the value of manufacturing labour, or divert

their capital into more productive channels. It might have been expected, under circumstances so distressing, and so peculiar, that the government, guided by a wise and obvious policy, would have enabled them to effect the former of these objects by contributing as much as possible to the cheapness of the means of subsistence, thus reducing the price of labour in proportion, and enabling us to outsell our competitors in the continental markets. This object could only have been accomplished by abstaining from all restriction on the importation of corn, or the exportation of manufactures. Its natural result would have been to reduce the conflicting interests of the landed and the manufacturing population to their natural level; to regulate the prices of corn by the actual demand; to reduce the subsistence of the manufacturing labourer, and the artizan, to such a rate as might enable them to regain their preference in the foreign markets.

But, then say the advocates of the corn bill, "if importation be once admitted, if the price of corn be depreciated in the markets, if you must sell your cloth for one-half of its accustomed price, and consequently be able to pay the farmer only 50s. for the quarter of flour, you reduce him to the necessity of abandoning his farm, reducing the wages of his servants, or of obtaining from the landlord a reduction of his rent." Now it is admitted on all hands that the pay of the labouring husbandman is scarcely even under the present system adequate to the necessities of life, and the second of these resources therefore cannot be adopted. But the third—the reduction of rents, would be just, effectual, and expedient: unfortunately, it militates against the interest of those very landholders, who decide in the house of commons upon their own pretensions, and sacrifice the wishes and the feelings of the people, to the accumulation of their rent-roll, and the enhancement of their leases.

The reduction of rents may be extremely unpalatable to such gentlemen as Mr. Bennet, who support with natural

complacency any measure which adds another thousand to their present enormous revenues; but common sense declares that it would be an act of necessary justice to the country. Why should it remain in the power of a single proprietor of land to impose on the thousands in his neighbourhood an additional price for the most indispensable article of food, or reduce his farmers to distress, merely because he is reluctant to reduce his rent-roll within a moderate limit? If the farming interest would be materially injured by unlimited importation, why is the landholder, alone, to refuse participation in the sacrifice necessary to prevent that evil? It is better that the tenth-part of his regular income should be deducted from his annual receipts, than that our manufactures should be ruined, our farmers distressed, and our whole population discontented.

The plain statement of the case then is this. The prices of English exported manufactures must be considerably lowered before they will meet with a decided preference either on the Continent or in America. But they cannot be lowered without reducing the wages of their servants; that reduction cannot be effected but by lowering the price of bread; and consequently the profits of the farmer, who, unable to retrench his expences being already at the lowest level, has no resource but in a remission of a per centage on his rent.

That the landholders are fully able to sustain a diminution of this kind is evident from the facility with which they bore the pressure of the income-tax. They have gained by the remission of that impost a clear ten per cent. upon their annual property, while nearly one half of the deficit thus occasioned is supplied by the middle and trading classes of society. Where would be the injustice or unreasonableness of expecting that the ten per cent. thus gained should be taken into the account in the estimate of rent, and be remitted to the tenants? We allow that such a measure could only be



justified on the plea of necessity; but when that necessity is admitted, are the people to become the exclusive sufferers? or ought not the landholder to sustain his share of the public embarrassment and inconvenience?

The prominent argument of the advocates of the corn bill is the danger of diverting by unlimited importation the capital of the farmer into other channels, the necessary neglect of agricultural pursuits, and the danger of famine that might arise from a year of scarcity, unprovided as we should be, with superfluous grain. One of these gentlemen asserts that if importation were unlimited, the quartern loaf, before the end of three years, would be eighteen pence, and to prevent it from being so he supports a bill which will make it eighteen pence in perpetuity! He is afraid that the bread *will be dear*, and to prevent that consequence he enacts that it *shall be dear*. Even his assumption, however, is denied by experience. When there has been, for a long series of years, no restriction, or the rate of restriction has been almost nominal, no such evils have arisen as those which are so loudly prophesied; and it is more than doubtful whether a positive and general *evil* is to be inflicted on the people of England, because a *possible* evil may occur.

There is one view of the subject, and that the most important, which is always studiously concealed from the public eye. The disparity of numbers between those who would be affected by the reduction of the rental, and those to whom the price of the quartern loaf would be an object of serious consideration, is immense. The exclusive possession of rank and wealth, by a certain portion of the community, is interwoven with the very constitution of civilized society, but no reason can be given, founded even on the most unlimited principles of aristocracy, for the sacrifice of the rights and feelings of the people to the interests of the higher classes. Where inconvenience must be entailed on some particular classes of the nation, that inconvenience should clearly attach to

the minority. It is more just and expedient that the landholder, and the wealthy broker, should refund for the exigencies of the state one-tenth of their permanent income, than that ten thousand of the population of the country should be reduced by their refusal of such a sacrifice, to want, privation, or poverty. By the reduction of rent, we injure only one man and his family; by increasing the price of the quartern loaf, we carry despair, dissatisfaction, and distress, into the cottages of thousands.

The population of Great Britain and Ireland may be separated into eight distinct classes, of which the following is an arrangement as correct as it is possible to frame.

1. The royal family, the lords spiritual and temporal, the great officers of state, and all above the degree of a baronet, with their families - - - 2,880
2. Baronets, knights, country gentlemen, and others having large incomes, with their families - 234,305
3. Dignified clergy, persons holding considerable employments in the state, elevated situations in the law, eminent practitioners in physic, considerable merchants, manufacturers, on a large scale, and bankers of the first order, with their families - 61,000
4. Persons holding inferior situations in the church, respectable clergymen of different persuasions, practitioners in law and physic, teachers of youth of the superior order, respectable freeholders, ship-owners, merchants and manufacturers of the second class, warehousemen and respectable shop-keepers, artists, respectable builders, mechanics, and persons living on moderate incomes, with their families 1,168,250
5. Lesser freeholders, shop-keepers of the second order, inn-keepers, publicans, and persons engaged in miscellaneous occupations, or living on moderate incomes, with their families - - - 2,798,475
6. Working mechanics, artizans, handicrafts, agricultural labourers, and others who subsist by labor in various employments, with their families - 8,792,800
- Menial servants - - - 1,279,923

Carried over 14,337,633

	Brought forward	14,337,683
7. Paupers and their families, vagrants, gipsies, rogues, vagabonds, and idle disorderly persons supported by criminal delinquency		1,828,170
8. Officers of the army, navy and marines, including officers on half-pay and superannuated, with their families		69,000
Non-commissioned officers in the army, navy, &c. and their families		862,000
	Total	17,096,803

It appears, therefore, that of the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland, nearly two-thirds consist of classes 4, 5, and 6, individuals upon whom the operations of the corn bill will be peculiarly oppressive; while *one-seventh* part of the community are in possession of all the luxuries of life, and half that number are in all probability landed proprietors. Can it possibly be demanded that the 12000,000 of the commonalty shall sacrifice all the comforts of life, or the means of necessary sustenance, to the luxurious monopoly of the 120,000 lords and ladies, senators, and secretaries of state; or is it not more rational and more conducive to the interests of the country that the minority should be compelled to resign a few of their superfluous indulgencies, in the hope of contributing to the tranquillity and happiness of the country?

The rapid progress of agricultural improvement, in defiance of all the obstacles by which it has been impeded, affords the most decisive evidence that every artificial stimulus is unnecessary. Its progress, however, has been *comparative*, and so far from being carried to the summit of perfection, it is only in the early stage of its progressive advancement. Let the English farmer only turn to the best account the advantages he possesses, and he may produce one-third more than the usual quantity of grain, without any additional expence. This declaration is justified in the recollection that there are thirty millions



of acres, of agricultural or badly cultivated land in the united empire, which require only a more extensive knowledge, and a more liberal encouragement from the legislature, to convert them into fertile fields. The formation, however, of agricultural societies, has greatly assisted and upheld the landed interest, communicating a new stimulus to increase the produce of the earth, and enrich the community. These noble institutions, foolishly satirized, as they are by the author of the *Woburn Gathering*, and similar productions, have created a spirit of emulation among the cultivators of arable land, which has elicited the most beneficial results. The extensive improvements in pasture and meadow grounds, by draining, irrigation, and many other practices, are widely spreading; the breeds of stock of every description are superior in all their different kinds; large sums have been expended by individuals to benefit the worst soils; long leases have been granted to tenants as inducements to improve their farms, and they have been encouraged by valuable prizes to carry the most important designs into immediate execution. The spirit of planting has been pursued to an extent altogether unexampled, and barren districts have been ornamented with rising groves, while oak-crowned heights present to the eye a rich promise of future wealth. The liberal encouragement which has been afforded, by men in affluent circumstances, to the exertion of mechanical talent, has produced an obvious improvement in the various implements necessary to cultivate the soil, and has sustained the better system of husbandry that so evidently distinguishes the present times from those of our predecessors. Agriculturists were formerly accustomed to believe, that the course which their ancestors had pursued was sufficiently right for them to follow, and because the same profits were not derived from the earth, which in later and more enlightened years, have been attained, the tillers of land did not possess the power of employing that larger capital which

is now devoted with success. If such has been the progress of agriculture in times of general distress, unaided by any extraordinary stimulus, and deprived of the benefit of regular and extensive exportation, how unjust and unnecessary are the restrictions against which we feel it our duty to protest. Let the farmers and proprietors of land solicit from the *senatorial* landholders, a recurrence to freedom of barter, and fluctuation of price, and their own experience will be the best security against a FUTURE CORN BILL.

P. P.

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## ESCAPE OF LORD COCHRANE

*From the King's Bench Prison,  
And his subsequent Arrest in the House of Commons.*

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[In giving publicity to the opinions of "a BENCHER," contained in the following account of the escape of Lord Cochrane, we beg leave to say; we by no means pledge ourselves to agree with them. The SCOURGE is open to all parties—it admits the right of discussion.]

MR. EDITOR,

THIS is indeed the era of events, the era of the marvellous, and the strange, when we may reasonably expect the foundation of new schools of honour, which shall supersede the antiquated notions of our forefathers, and even root them out of recollection. Lord Cochrane has escaped from the King's Bench prison, to *prove* his innocence of the conspiracy of which he was convicted. Now the sceptical may think this a singular mode of proving innocence, and the very last a man of honor should have adopted; so indeed our ancestors would have thought; but we who have inculcated a ray of new light, who are to be duped into the belief that raising the price of bread to a high standard is the only means of rendering it permanently cheap—we have far different notions. The

new era is broke in upon us, the refulgence of its glorious sun illumines our hitherto stinted reason, evaporates our faculties of comprehension, and the liberality of our opinion. We are fast arriving to that glorious epoch, when false-swearing will be no perjury—cutting throats no murder. Our perriwig-pated counsellors are paving the way by theory to this system of *radical reform*, and our great men and senators by practice. How long it will be before this desirable state of things shall arrive, is beyond our present calculation; but according to the progress of the reformation for these last ten years, we may reasonably calculate it will not require a century to perfect it.

Notwithstanding the maxims of the present day, I must confess, Sir, that I am somewhat tinctured by old notions. I decidedly think that, if any thing was wanting collaterally to prove the delinquency of Lord Cochrane in the affair of the Stock-exchange hoax, it was this proceeding; it was this measure of flight: if there was one person believed him guiltless, it was this step which was to condemn him in his opinion; and those who did not wholly acquit him of the crime, but had their extenuations and their doubts, must now in the spirit of candor confess that he is guilty, wholly guilty, to the full amount, to the full commission of conspiracy and fraud.

The friends of this *high-minded* noble lord have circulated, that his lordship fled to evade the payment of his fine of one thousand pounds; that he held it an admission of guilt the payment of the money, which he never would do, and this he declared from the first moment of his captivity. It would be a useless waste of labor to enter into the old arguments that have been held on this subject, or recapitulate the circumstance on which he was convicted: those circumstances were considered evidence in the opinion of the jury, and a part of that evidence was his own affidavit which completed the chain, and established the guilt; it was a receipt for the pretended



Du Bourg, who was booked at Dover, regularly conveyed through every stage to London, and delivered at his lordship's house in Green-street.

There can be no question, but his lordship had long contemplated escape, contemplated it, in fact, from that period, when De Berenger, the actuary in the plot, had avowed his determination of throwing himself on the mercy of public opinion, and detailing the whole proceedings of the conspiracy : he had confessed himself guilty, and was preparing his damning proofs of Lord Cochrane's complete participation—it was a terrible disclosure, and one which not even the stoutest nerve could withstand ; composed of facts, in the face of solemn asseveration, proof in the teeth of perjury and wanton impiety : in their unbroken chains they flashed conviction to the most sceptical ; pregnant with truth, too stubborn to be resisted by sophistry, too conclusive to be frittered away by jesuitical reasoning.

The first month of Lord Cochrane's imprisonment was peculiarly marked by a sullenness of habit and manner in his deportment, which betrayed at once the effect of disappointment and not of innocence ; his only associates were Mr. Butt and a Mr. Prescott, a gentleman, we believe, formerly connected with one of the celebrated Jew King's banks. He was observed studiously to avoid the society of De Berenger in his day walks, but at night, when eyes were not so penetrative, he was sometimes seen to follow at his heel and throw himself in the way of the latter gentleman—his lordship's motives can be best understood by himself. In the interim, De Berenger receives anonymous notes and letters, offering him large rewards, independence and the complete protection of the Cochrane family, if he would declare Lord Cochrane innocent of the conspiracy, and lay the crime at other doors. These efforts failed in their effect, and De Berenger affixed a notice at the chapel-door of the prison, of a nature not sufficiently complying, nor answerable to ardent

hopes and corrupted anticipation. An agent, big with promise, next waits upon De Berenger, and luckily escapes an expulsion through the window, by a precipitate departure down the stairs. De Berenger had been corrupted into the commission of the act, but he was not to be bribed into further guilt—he who had fallen, could resist the abyss of infamy, though tempted by affluence with future fortune. Firm to his purpose, he prepares his narrative—he pursues it diligently, and gives publicity to his design. Lord Cochrane perceives that all is lost—reputation, honour, all! and he prepares for flight, leaving the Marshal to be answerable for his escape, and to pay his fine of one thousand pounds.

The means by which he effected his escape is involved in some degree of doubt. Report has assigned various ways; but that which derives most credit is, by a beer cask. It is certain that Tuesday morning was the period of his flight, and that very morning the drays of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins entered the prison for the purpose of clearing away the empty casks, which are generally arranged at the back of the state-house. It is believed that one or two of the dray-men were bribed into confederacy, and that Lord Cochrane, who had been recently familiarized with dirt, committed himself to the crazy inside of an old porter butt, wallowing in the effluvia of filthy dregs. He was conveyed away in a dray, instead of the grand car preparing for him by his Westminster friends, Messrs. Wishart, Sturch, Brooks, Pulley and Co. and thus dissolved the charm of affected patriotism by a tacit confession of conspiring against the funded property of the people.

I had prepared the above reflections on the escape of Lord Cochrane previous to his arrest, and I persevere in offering them publicly through the medium of your magazine, because I would not be suspected of advancing that in his absence which I should fear to avow in his presence. I am proud of the opportunity of displaying my independence, and shall equally rejoice if his lordship can give any colourable pretence for the last step he has taken, and diminish in any degree that heavy censure which he appears to merit. In the mean time I arrest the further severity of my pen—I delight not in torturing the fallen—in the words of Dr. Young, "I war not with the dead," or aggravate the weight of oppression on him already overwhelmed with the effects of his demerits; indeed, I am fearful that his lordship is la-

bouring under a mental infirmity, which is the best apology that can be offered for his conduct.

During the first week of his lordship's enlargement, he kept himself closely confined in the neighbourhood of Red Lion-square, having, at the same time, secured himself an obscure apartment within the rules of the prison. Being defeated, it is presumed, in some unknown purpose, his next effort was to get again within the walls of the prison in the same manner as he had effected his escape; but failing in this attempt from the vigilance of the Marshal, who was apprized of his intention, it was his next effort to obtain his seat in the House of Commons, and there obtain an indemnity for his person. It certainly does not appear that his lordship contemplated escape from the country. Since his return to confinement his conduct has been uniformly gloomy; he dwells much on the extreme hardship of his case—his whole mind seems absorbed by melancholy reflections.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A BENCHER.

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

### COVENT-GARDEN.

THERE has been but little during the present month that requires notice. The Oratorios, and Passion week, have subtracted greatly from the usual succession of dramatic performances; and, on the other evenings, novelty has been banished by the repetition of Miss O'Neill's characters. That lady still retains her attraction in all its freshness; but we wish the Managers would afford the public an opportunity of surveying her powers under more various aspects. They should remember La Fontaine's tale of the eel-pies. Nothing but eel-pies will, in the end, pall the keenest appetite, and the most decided predilection for them.

On Easter Monday was produced, in the phraseology of the play-bill, a new grand melo-dramatic romance called *Zembuca, or, the Net-Maker and his Wife*. Accustomed, as we are, to the unvarying similarity of these melo-dramas, in which Eastern tyrants seize upon pretty girls, and immure them, till at last their despotism and cruelty excite rebellion, and their palaces are burnt every night, we own, we did not expect to see a piece so totally devoid of interest as *Zembuca*. It has some exquisite scenery, and some pleasing music by Ware, together with a charming conflagration at the end; but the dialogue and the incidents are meagre almost beyond precedent. The holiday



folks, however, could not resist the warm appeal to their feelings produced by the fire, with which the piece concludes; and it was accordingly announced for a second performance amid shouts of applause. We shall not attempt to describe the plot. Terry has a part assigned to him which he most dreadfully o'erlaboured. It was Coriolanus throughout, though he represented nothing more than an humble slave. We wish this actor, whose talents are really respectable, would forget that there is such a man as Mr. Kemble; or at least not introduce all that tragedian's solemnity, attitudes, and measured declamation, into melo-dramatic characters. The imitation was absolutely ridiculous. Liston performs the part of a buffoon, or royal jester, with this remarkable contradiction, that he is not made to say one good thing throughout the whole piece. Miss S. Booth, who played the heroine, infused a degree of interest into the character, which was derived solely from her acting. An incidental ballet was introduced, in which Mons. Soissons and Miss Luppino danced a *pas deux*, which was loudly encored. The whole performance, in fact, is addressed exclusively to the eye.

*Tuesday, March 28th.—Henry IV. (1st part) Zembuca.*

---Mr. Mathews made his first appearance at this theatre in the arduous character of *Falstaff*, a character, we apprehend, which must always give greater delight in the closet than on the stage. It is indeed, such a felicitous conception of the poet, so single, so "unimitated and unimitable," so rich in colouring, so pregnant in matter, that it is perhaps impossible for any actor to embody all its qualities. Of the performers who have represented it within our memory, we preferred Cooke; but he being gone, we do not think there is any one remaining who can excel Mathews, though we are far from being pleased with the whole of his performance. He exhibited, with considerable skill, the palsy and laborious action of a man encumbered with obesity, and gave to his voice a sort of mellowness, as if the windpipe were tallowed with fat. But he wanted that archness of tone and look which should belong to a man who is constantly violating falsehood, and redeeming himself by unexpected quirks and quibbles. For instance, when he is recounting his exploits with the men in buckram, and the prince confounds him with a plain recital of the truth, the manner in which he asks "do you think I did not know you?" used to be finely portrayed by Cooke; but it lost all its indescribable humor in Mathews. The same may be observed of his refusing to give reasons upon compulsion, and being a coward upon instinct; both of which situations were very inadequately delineated. But, on the other hand, his soliloquy upon honor, his description of his men, and his scene with the prince after Hotspur's death, were all exquisitely performed. We think there is a capability in Mr. Mathews which, if properly elicited by study, may ena-

ble him to act this part in such a manner as will place him beyond the fear of rivalry.

Mr. Young preformed Hotspur with considerable ability; but we decidedly condemn the manner in which he delivered his first speech, describing the fop who had demanded his prisoners. Instead of repeating the observations in a tone of contempt and sarcasm, he mimicked his supposed utterance, exactly in the way in which Mr. Jones plays Lord Foppington. This had a most ludicrous effect, and was besides quite foreign from the character. Conway played the Prince of Wales, and played it very badly. Instead of that easy levity and graceful vivacity, which ought to characterize the boon companion of Falstaff, he assumed an air of heavy solemnity and declamatory pomp which would have suited better with Hal, when transformed into the conqueror at Azincour. We wish this actor could comprehend that it is sometimes quite as natural to walk off the stage, as to run off, with a might clatter of the feet, which never fails to delight the galleries, who think that a hero should never do any thing like other men.

#### DRURY-LANE.

This theatre, for the last month, has taken the lead of the rival house, in the article of novelties. Two new after-pieces, the appearance of a new performer (Mr. S. Penley) in two several characters—and the revival of one of Shakspeare's plays, which has lain dormant upon the shelf upwards of two centuries, (*Richard the Second*) evince a laudable spirit of emulation and exertion, on the part of the Managers, to ensure to Drury-lane the preference of public favour. In how far their efforts have been crowned with success, we proceed now to investigate.

The first of the aforesaid two after-pieces, consisting of a new musical farce, in two acts, under the title of *Poor Relations*, and represented, for the first and last time, on Saturday, Feb. 25, was doomed to experience an untimely fate. It was brought forward under considerable opposition, to which it ultimately yielded, and literally expired in the pangs of childbirth. As such, we are relieved from all necessity of comment. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—we war not with the dead, we rake not the ashes of the tomb—*requiescat ergo in pace*.

The second is a farce bearing title, *Past Ten o'Clock! and a Rainy Night*, and was brought forward, for the first time, on Saturday, March 11. It is from the prolific pen of Mr. Dibdin, and is strongly marked with the characteristic features of that writer. As a literary production, its claims are very moderate; but viewing it as an object of theatrical speculation, we shall find it entitled to more regard.—It abounds in bustle, in whimsical situations, in ludicrous touches, and a certain species of *extravaganza*, which rarely misses its aim, with the major and less enlightened part of the audience. It displays,

in particular, a profound knowledge of what is generally termed *stage-effect* on the part of the author, who from his official situation at the theatre must necessarily have much practical insight into this department of the drama. Nearly the whole *vis comica* of Drury-lane is put under requisition on this occasion. The names of Bannister and Munden are each and severally a "*tower of strength*."—The former is the representative of a veteran soldier, under the character of *Squib*; the latter that of a gallant old tar, under the name of *Dosey*. Mrs. Orger and Mrs. Harlowe are two young ladies whom their guardian wishes to give in marriage to husbands of his own choice, but who, as is customary with the sex, prefer to choose themselves their partner: the one of them, under the tuition of *Squib*, makes great progress in military tactics,—the other, under the auspices of *Dosey*, applies herself to the study of mathematics. Their parts are severally in the extreme, preposterous and unnatural—however, the piece, with all its absurdities, incongruities, and total lack of probability, provokes a laugh, pleases *the gods*, and what is more to the immediate purpose and interest, as well of the author as of the managers, fills the house, and of course tells well in the accounts of the treasury.

Mr. S. Penley, who has been for some time performing with considerable applause at the English theatre, at Brussels, made his first appearance on the metropolitan stage, on Tuesday, Feb. 28, in the character of *Norval*, in Mr. Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. The part of the youthful heir of that illustrious house, is in itself so amiable, so interesting, and so replete with advantageous situations, that the feelings of the audience go with the performer—the heart is prepossessed in his favour, and a general disposition prevails to discover in the representative of the character ground of commendation and applause. Of these favorable circumstances, Mr. Penley reaped full and abundant benefit. Yet, we cannot so far give way to the prevailing tide of general opinion, as to bestow upon his personation of the part unqualified praise. His performance is evidently too laboured, too studied, too mechanical and artificial: he does not sufficiently trust to his own powers, but models his manner upon the style of certain popular actors, who have preceded him. This is an error, into which most youthful performers are apt to fall, and against which they cannot be put too much upon their guard. Mr. Penley has abilities, which application and experience cannot fail to foster and mature. Let him steadily reject all sophisticated means and resources,—not depend upon ridiculous pauses, and the but too common expedient of forced gesture, with the various other *et cetera* of stage trickery, for working upon the feelings of his audience, and there can be little doubt, but he will prove an acquisition to the British drama. His voice is not defective in the essential qualities requisite for the stage. It is clear, harmonious, even, distinct,



of sufficient compass, and capable of much modulation and inflexion.

On Tuesday, March 7th, Mr. Penley made his second appearance before a London audience, in the character of *Belcour*, in Mr. Cumberland's admirable comedy of *The West-Indian*. The same remarks we have above offered, relative to his too evident imitation of others, in the part of *Norval*, apply with equal cogency to his personation of *Belcour*. To expatiate at greater length upon the topic, in case of a candidate for public favour so new to the London boards, would be uncharitable and invidious.

On Monday, March 6th, was resuscitated, from an oblivion of upwards of two centuries, Shakspeare's historical play of *King Richard the Second*, in which Mr. Kean sustains the part of the unfortunate monarch. This play, in its original state, as written by Shakspeare, certainly contains many and great beauties; but they are sadly counterbalanced by gross and numerous blemishes. On the present occasion, it has been so extensively altered; the curtailments, as well as the additions, are so many and so important, that it may almost lay claim to the title of a new production. The decorations are likewise extremely splendid and magnificent; too much so, indeed, to justify the epithet of "*appropriate*," bestowed upon them in the play-bills. For certainly it cannot be contended, that they are in any way analogous to the state of refinement, and the progress of the arts, at the remote period.

But the principal recommendation of the play, as enacted at Drury-lane, is afforded by the performance of *Richard*, by Mr. Kean. In the three first acts, he has little scope for the display of any extraordinary talent. The attention is chiefly kept alive by military pomp and parade, processions, martial music, and the appearance of Elliston and Rae, armed *cap-a-pee*, in the characters of *Bolingbroke* and *Norfolk*, which excited much astonishment and applause among the spectators in the upper regions. With the fourth act, *Richard* rises in interest—the attention is now almost exclusively fixed on him, and remains so till the close of the tragedy. In the scene, where the weak deposed monarch addresses the usurper of his crown, Mr. Kean was peculiarly impressive. Here his performance literally drew down thunders of applause from every part of the house. With equal success did he portray the struggle of kingly pride to suppress the rising burst of indignation, which swells the monarch's bosom, at the hypocritical homage of the victorious rebel. The reproaches likewise with which he loads Northumberland, who presses him to read the articles of his own impeachment, were most happily delivered, with all those mingled sensations of scorn and indignant aversion, which the situation naturally calls forth. On the whole, although the play (even in its present altered state, with all its accessories of pageantry, music, and inexplicable

dumb show) is still sufficiently dull and heavy, we conceive the part of *Richard* one of Mr. Kean's very best performances. We have never seen him more enthusiastically applauded in any of the many characters he has hitherto sustained on the London-boards.

#### MINOR THEATRES.

The Easter holidays, as usual, have again put the various theatres of subordinate pretensions, in the vicinity of the metropolis, in a state of activity. Foremost on this list may deservedly be ranked the *Royal Amphitheatre*, (Astley's) near Westminster Bridge. The equestrian troop, at this elegant place of fashionable resort, is avowedly the very first in Europe. The feats performed by the horses are truly surprising, and evince a degree of sagacity and docility, on the part of that noble animal, which seems to establish their claims to a superior portion of intellect, than what is generally conveyed under the name of instinct. Mr. T. Dibdin, whose talents for scenic arrangement are universally known, and as justly admired, has been most successfully employed, in framing and getting up an entirely new grand sero-comic equestrian pantomime, under the title of the *Life, Death, and Resurrection of the High Mettled Racer*; or, *Harlequin on Horseback*. The plot of this splendid piece is taken from the celebrated ballad of *The High Mettled Racer*, by the late Mr. Charles Dibdin, whose fame as a lyric composer, has never been surpassed. The ingenious author of the pantomime has literally embodied every idea traced out in this popular ballad; the whole progressive march of this descriptive poem is strictly adhered to, and the scenic representation is admirably illustrative of the noble subject it portrays. The play-bills of a certain theatre, in announcing the representation of some of Shakespeare's plays, have latterly, in detailing the scenery, adopted the phrase of "appropriate" splendour.---The *Royal Amphitheatre* may with much greater justice employ this phrase.---All the scenery of the *High Mettled Racer* is truly appropriate. Not less than twenty successive changes take place.

In addition to the above rich and luxurious bill of fare, the frequenters of the *Royal Amphitheatre* are regaled with a New Scotch Melo-drama, entitled *Sigismorri, and the Danish Chieftain*. The magnificence of this entertainment baffles all description.

## **The Source :**



Rise! Rise thou favored son of Fate  
 Death or a Diadem shall  
 reward thy labours

How shall I lose Hanover shall  
 these all we have been fighting for?

May it please my Prince but these are  
 events we never calculated upon I had no  
 objection to the sacrifice of Saxony to the  
 Ambition of Prussia I had no objection to  
 the Views of Alexander upon Poland I had  
 no Objection to the Transfer of Norway  
 to Sweden I had no objection to the Union  
 of Belgium with Holland I had no  
 objection to all these things but I could  
 not foresee that the people would be  
 dissatisfied and wish for the return of  
 Buonaparte to which I have  
 every objection



ah ha! by gar now we shall  
 begin our Bloody work again

Publ May 1<sup>st</sup> 1815 by Wm Jones Nengal St

The PHENIX of ELBA resu





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J. Brantsham